

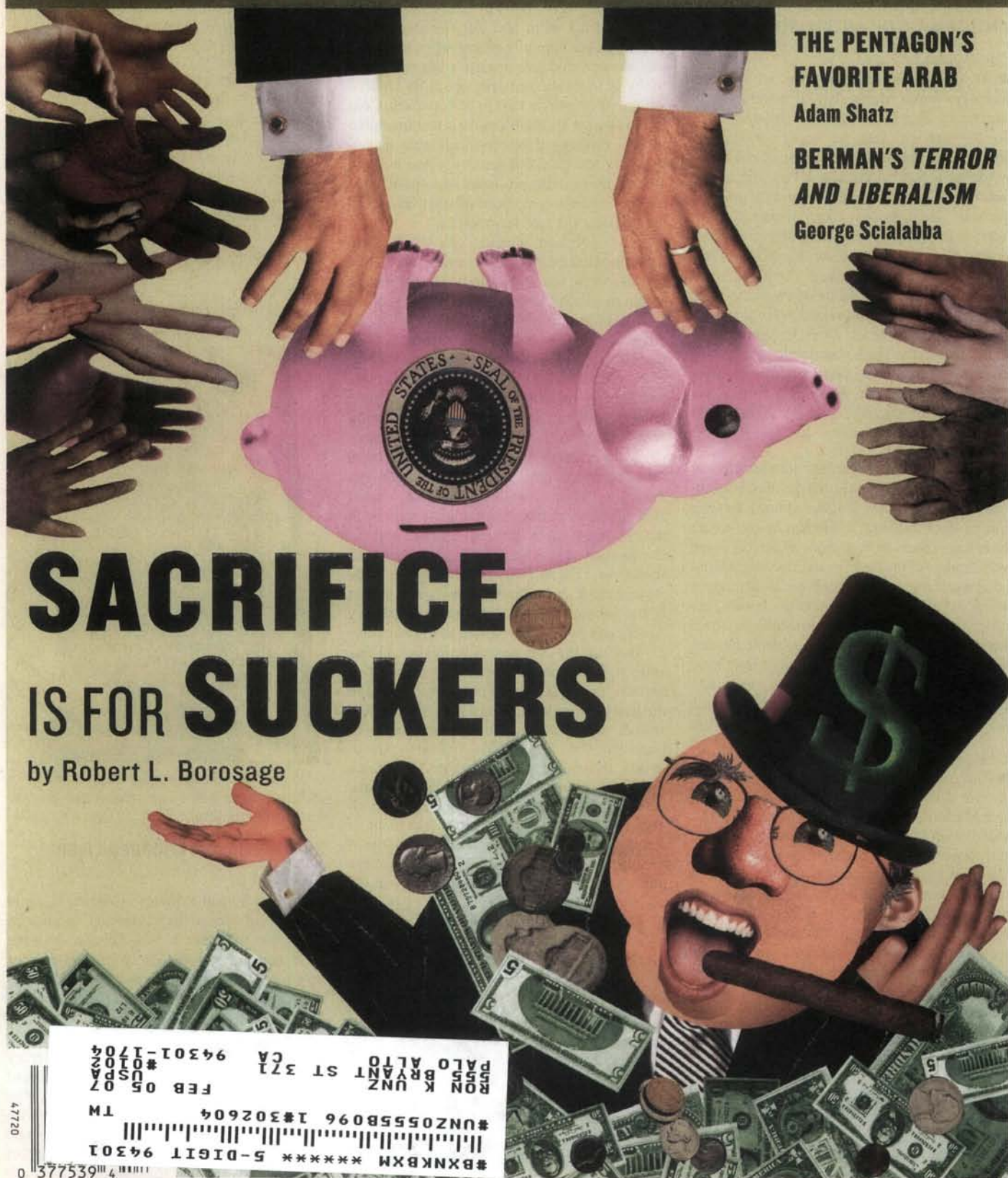
The Nation.

**THE PENTAGON'S
FAVORITE ARAB**

Adam Shatz

**BERMAN'S TERROR
AND LIBERALISM**

George Scialabba



SACRIFICE IS FOR SUCKERS

by Robert L. Borosage

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LETTERS

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

ANTI-SEMITIC OR ANTI-HYSTERIA?

Los Angeles

■ Alexander Cockburn concurs with Representative James Moran that "if it were not for the strong support of the Jewish community for this war with Iraq, we would not be doing this" ["Beat the Devil," March 31]. Cockburn's evidence is that "at the elite level...the Jewish voices one hears are overwhelmingly pressing for war." He cites the prowar stance of Perle, Wolfowitz, Feith, Abrams and others. Embedded in Cockburn's logic are the premises that the Jewish elite imposed themselves on Bush—that Bush would be of the same mind as the protesters in the streets were it not for these influential Jews. Does Cockburn conclude that since Bush's senior foreign policy advisers Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice are African-American, we would not be at war were it not for blacks?

TOM SCHIFF

Silver Spring, Md.

■ To claim that American Jews are leading our nation into war is not only anti-Semitic but anti-democratic. Jews have long been known for their independent thinking. Influential Jewish voices have been raised on both sides of the war issue, with leaders of the Reform and Reconstructionist movements almost monolithic in their opposition and with the chancellor of the Jewish Theological Seminary, the most prestigious school for the Conservative movement, also opposing war. Many secular and unaffiliated Jews have also voiced their opposition, while Jewish Republicans for the most part have supported the invasion of Iraq.

NELSON MARANS

Oakland, Calif.

■ Alexander Cockburn has performed a useful service with his semi-defense of Representative Moran. Cockburn calls attention to the fact that Jewish lobbying organizations and Jewish neoconservatives in high places in the Administration have an inordinate amount of influence on government policy. To do this is no more anti-Semitic than it is anti-Muslim to recognize that the Koran condones violence as well as peace, anti-Christian to condemn the fifteenth-century Spanish oppression and expulsion of Jews and Moors by Catholics or anti-Hispanic to deplore the significant role Miami's Cuban refugees have played in preserving an irrational US policy toward the Castro regime.

FRANKLYN HAIMAN

COCKBURN REPLIES

Petrolia

■ Tom Schiff's letter is silly. James Moran, in a casual Q&A session in his district, somewhat

overstated his point and duly elicited an incredible, albeit carefully concerted, overreaction that showed just how sensitive the pro-Israel lobby is to public remarks about its clout—which, of course, is vast in both parties. Central in George W. Bush's mind is that his father directly challenged the pro-Israel lobby on settlements and paid the penalty at the polls in 1992. The role of the pro-Israel neocons in pushing for war on Iraq has been exhaustively documented over the past few months.

As for Nelson Marans, yes, the Reform movement has major leaders stoutly and vocally opposed to the war. But according to *Ha'aretz*, a recent resolution that was adopted "is very far from constituting criticism of" the war. In Los Angeles the Conservative movement's Rabbinical Assembly issued a resolution in support of the war. And the Orthodox movement is overwhelmingly prowar. The Orthodox Union lauded Bush and described the war as having "noble aims." But added to this, one has to calculate the extent to which each congregation has disproportionate clout relative to its presence in the entire Jewish community. And the greatest influence over policy-making has always been the pro-Israel lobby groups—AIPAC and the Conference of Presidents and their many offshoots—not the religious leaders. The big lobby organizations, in their rabid support of extremist Israeli policies, do not fairly represent ordinary American Jews, as I remarked in my column.

Much of the energy and dedication in this antiwar movement, as with every other leftist, antiwar, progressive and peace movement in the past century here, is provided by Jews and Jewish organizations. To take the issue of Israel/Palestine, look at Jews Against the Occupation, Jewish Voices Against the Occupation, Not In My Name, Brit Tzedek v'Shalom, etc. One of the founders of the amazingly courageous International Solidarity Movement is Adam Shapiro, and a significant percentage of their activists are Jewish. These people are putting their life on the line every day in the way Rachel Corrie did.

Franklyn Haiman makes a good, if simple, point. To discuss the influence of a lobby, baneful or beneficial, is not in itself a slur. The US political system is fueled by lobby groups, whether pro-Israel, pro-gun or pro-abortion. The reaction to Moran's remark is a clear indication of the influence and power of the pro-Israel lobby. Compare Moran's slight overstatement with remarks by, say, Schumer about the power of the gun lobby, or DeLay about the abortion-rights lobby. Can we imagine that they'd be dumped from their leadership posts and told they shouldn't run for re-election?

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

FOX AD—FINAL WORD (REALLY)

Atlanta

■ The FOX News Channel is to news as the Sex Pistols are to Stravinsky. I hope you will continue to let those kids advertise in *The Nation* whenever they like. To show you that I mean it, I'd like to renew my subscription. It doesn't expire for another year, but I'm proud of you. And I'd like to purchase another subscription and ask you to send it to Roger Ailes.

ROBERT T. LITWIN

P.S. My apologies to the Sex Pistols.

Minneapolis

■ May I suggest that the next time you run that ad, you run this on the inside back cover?



(I'm sure puzzle fans will understand.) For more see <http://homepage.mac.com/leperous/PhotoAlbum1.html>.

WARREN COLISON

SO, GREENS ARE CHOPPED LIVER?

New York City

■ In "The Vision Primary" [March 31], you present guidelines for evaluating candidates for 2004 "in terms of how forward-looking their ideas are." How closely your criteria for "forward-looking"—universal healthcare, living wages, ending the drug war, a foreign policy based on justice and cooperation, renewable energy, economic sustainability, publicly accountable broadcast media, pro-democracy electoral reform—accord with the platform of the Green Party! I can only wonder why *The Nation* expends so much energy pleading with one party to adopt positions it has yet to show any real interest in while withholding support

(Continued on Page 30)

2 LETTERS

EDITORIALS & COMMENT

- 3 THE RECKONING IN IRAQ
Robert L. Borosage
- 4 SACRIFICE IS FOR SUCKERS
Robert L. Borosage
- 5 UNFIT TO BE KING
Geoffrey Gray
- 6 KOMMISSAR KRISTOL
Katrina vanden Heuvel
- 7 THE FIRING OF PETER ARNETT
Tom Goldstein
- 7 A POX ON AMERICA
Madeline Drexler
- 8 THE WAR DEMOCRATS
John Nichols
- 11 SAVING PRIVATE LYNCH
Annette Fuentes
- 11 IN FACT...

COLUMNS

- 10 DEADLINE POET
Everything George Bush Needs to Know...
Calvin Trillin
- 12 BEAT THE DEVIL
Yes, War Really Is Hell
Alexander Cockburn
- 13 DIARY OF A MAD LAW PROFESSOR
Taking the Cake
Patricia J. Williams
- 14 LOOKOUT
Privatization in Disguise
Naomi Klein
- ARTICLES
- 15 THE NATIVE INFORMANT
Fouad Ajami is the Pentagon's favorite Arab.
Adam Shatz
- 24 LETTER FROM AFGHANISTAN
Little "nation-building" is under way, and the country is on the edge of civil war.
Scott Baldauf

- 28 TELECOM LABOR RISING
Union members are making links between customers' concerns and their own.
Larry Cohen and Steve Early

BOOKS & THE ARTS

- 31 BERMAN: Terror and Liberalism
George Scialabba
- 36 EHRENREICH AND HOCHSCHILD, EDS.:
Global Woman: Nannies, Maids and Sex Workers in the New Economy
Susan J. Douglas
- 40 HERMAN: Searching for El Dorado: A Journey Into the South American Rainforest on the Tail of the World's Largest Gold Rush
Anderson Tepper
- 44 THE LITTLE MERMAID'S FORTUNE-TELLER (poem)
Reginald Shepherd
- Cover art by Stephen Kroninger;
illustrations by Christoph Niemann,
Karen Caldicott

EDITORIALS

The Reckoning in Iraq

Emerging from their meeting in Belfast the day before US forces announced Baghdad had fallen, George W. Bush and Tony Blair insisted that the United Nations would play a "vital role" in rebuilding Iraq. But from the lack of specifics in their statement it was clear that once again Bush was toying with his staunchest transatlantic supporter, who is under pressure from British voters to reconcile with Europe. Bush allowed that the UN might be enlisted in humanitarian efforts, but when reporters asked for details, he bridled, "Evidently there's some skepticism here in Europe about whether or not I mean what I say. Saddam Hussein clearly knows I mean what I say."

Bush left little doubt that the United States intends to run the show. Despite infighting between State and the Pentagon, it appears that Washington will install its own Pentagon-branded reconstruction and humanitarian aid coordinator, Gen. Jay Garner (retired), a walking conflict of interest, under Gen. Tommy Franks as US proconsul (see Geoffrey Gray on page 5). And the Pentagon has also groomed Ahmad Chalabi, the shady banker and long expatriated leader of the Iraqi National Congress, to run an interim government that would succeed a military authority.

The UN is more capable than a US military government of dispensing aid, the need for which becomes daily more urgent. Even before the war Iraq had the highest malnutrition rate in the Middle East, and civilian and military casualties are flooding understaffed Iraqi hospitals. Private humanitarian groups will be indispensable, but they are reluctant to work under the US military, an association that could endanger their workers. Only the UN will be able to attract donations from member nations. As the

(illegal) occupier of their country, the United States has the primary responsibility under international law to provide for the Iraqi people's health and welfare, but rather than bearing the cost it would prefer a collections box with a UN logo.

Also, the UN would be a more legitimate governing power in Iraq than either a US proconsul or a handpicked government; a UN security force could better deal with the growing breakdown of law and order than a military government, which is likely to ignite smoldering anger in the Arab world. A US-occupied Iraq could become a target for attacks and guerrilla actions by Arab fighters; resentment against Washington could eclipse democracy on the Middle Eastern agenda, and anti-US fury could recruit hundreds of terrorists determined to avenge the Arab world's humiliation in Iraq. Furthermore, a unilateral occupation will cost untold billions, becoming a drag on the US economy. Finally, only UN inspectors, who should be returned to Iraq immediately, will be able to credibly identify hidden stocks of chemical or biological weapons, the ostensible reason for the US invasion.

As Germany, France and Russia planned to meet this weekend to press for a central UN role, French President Jacques Chirac noted, "We are no longer in an era where one or two countries can control the fate of another country. Therefore the political, economic, humanitarian and administrative reconstruction of Iraq is a matter for the United Nations and for it alone." Also a number of smaller countries in the UN have been pressing for a General Assembly meeting to deal with the situation in Iraq.

Now that the United States bears responsibility for Iraq, it must not act unilaterally. For the sake of the Iraqi people and our future relations with the Arab world, Washington must return to the United Nations. Only then will America be able to re-earn the world's trust and reverse the ever deepening cycle of hatred.

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Sacrifice Is for Suckers

In his address to the nation on the eve of the invasion of Iraq, George W. Bush dismissed concerns about the war's cost by evoking the nation's proud history: "Americans understand the costs of conflict because we have paid them in the past. War has no certainty, except the certainty of sacrifice." But neither the war on Iraq, nor September 11, nor the precipitous decline in the nation's fiscal health has had the slightest effect on the President's overriding priority—cutting taxes, primarily for the "haves and have mores" that he calls "my base." The President expresses the nation's gratitude for those who "have sacrificed in our cause" in Iraq, but at home his clear message is that sacrifice is for suckers.

In fact, Bush is the first President in modern history to lead the country into a major war while calling on the wealthy to pay less in taxes. For World War I and World War II, taxes on the wealth and income of the richest Americans were raised sharply. During Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson put off paying for the war even as inflation began to soar but eventually called for a tax surcharge to help defray the costs.

With the "rollout" of the Iraq war well under way, Bush submitted a budget this year that called for an astounding \$1.6 trillion in new tax breaks, heavily skewed to benefit the rich. People making \$1 million or more a year are slated to pocket an average annual tax cut of \$90,000. He called for permanent repeal of the estate tax on wealth, an acceleration of upper-income tax breaks passed last year and elimination of taxes on dividends, which accrue overwhelmingly to the most affluent. Bush and the Republican chorus defend this shameless giveaway as a "jobs and growth plan" to help get the economy moving. But according to the Administration's own optimistic figures, the plan will generate fewer than 200,000 jobs in the current year; the economy lost more than that number in February alone. Moreover, the President's plan may very well cost jobs in the long term as unending deficits drive up interest rates.

Bush kept the costs of the war secret, waiting until the fighting began to ask Congress for a \$75 billion down payment, with more to come. And he presented no plan for raising revenues to cover the check. The \$75 billion—more like \$80 billion by the time Congress gets done with it—is simply to be tacked onto the deficit, now headed toward \$400 billion for this year.

One appropriate way to begin paying the tab would be to crack down on corporations deserting the country in a time of trouble. The IRS estimates that US corporations and rich individuals cost the country about \$75 billion a year by setting up phony headquarters or residences in offshore tax havens like Bermuda and the Cayman Islands. Majorities in both houses of Congress voted for legislation sponsored by the late Senator Paul Wellstone to bar these companies from bidding on homeland security contracts, but Republicans stripped the measure from the homeland security bill in closed conference. Among the corporate tax haven users have been Harken Energy, which set up an offshore tax dodge while Bush was on its board, and Halliburton, which under Vice President Cheney's leadership

COMMENT

went from nine to at least forty-four offshore tax dodges.

Even the war wasn't enough to goad the Bush Administration into taking on its tax-dodging allies, nor has the call to sacrifice had any dampening effect on payoffs to party contributors. While American soldiers put their lives on the line, the Administration announced that the first round of contracts to rebuild Iraq after the military destroys it would be limited to a select group of US companies. When the list was published, the Center for Responsive Politics reported that the six companies had contributed \$3.6 million to political campaigns over the past two election cycles, two-thirds of it going to Republicans. Or consider the President's major domestic initiative this year, the brazen prescription drug plan that requires seniors to join an HMO if they want a federally subsidized prescription drug benefit. Unacceptable even to Republican loyalists, this makes sense only as a direct payoff to the drug industry, which fervently opposes the use of Medicare's buying power to force lower prices on drugs. The President's plan was a pretty good return on investment for the nearly \$20 million the companies spent on Republican candidates last fall.

Who pays for upper-income tax breaks in a time of war? A good portion is borrowed, with more than \$2 trillion in added debt over the next ten years. The generation that is doing most of the fighting and their children will get stuck with the bill, even as they have to worry about financing their parents' retirement. Most of the rest of the tab is paid by those least able to afford it: the poor, the disabled and the young. The House Republican budget bill that embraced all the President's tax breaks and sought to balance the budget in six years made this clear.

As the reputable Center on Budget and Policy Priorities detailed, the House bill would cut a staggering \$265 billion from entitlement programs as a whole: \$92 billion from Medicaid, depriving poor children and the bedridden elderly of support; \$12.5 billion from food stamps; and \$14 billion from veterans' benefits, including even a cut in burial benefits. Another \$244 billion would be cut from domestic discretionary spending—everything from health clinics and environmental protection to education, including 28,000 kids thrown out of Head Start. Even the President's touted "No Child Left Behind" plan to fund elementary and secondary education programs will face cuts of more than 8 percent in 2004 alone. And all this at a time when the states and localities struggle with the worst fiscal crisis in fifty years.

Tax breaks for the wealthy take precedence even over national security needs. As Republicans voted down repeated efforts to pay for the increased security costs borne by the states and cities, powerful Senate Appropriations chair Ted Stevens suggested that police and firefighters bear the burden by working overtime without pay as a wartime sacrifice. "Those people overseas in the desert—they're not getting paid overtime.... I don't know why the people working for the cities and counties ought to be paid overtime when they are responding to matters of national security," he said. So firefighters, 343 of whom gave their lives responding on September 11, should carry more of the load, while millionaires pocket the giveaways.

The House and Senate are scheduled to vote on a budget this

week. But that will only begin the real fight over the tax breaks. The AFL-CIO and the Fair Tax Coalition are leading district meetings with legislators in late April to oppose the tax breaks. MoveOn.org, the Institute for America's Future, Working Assets and columnist Arianna Huffington are launching a campaign urging citizens to call their legislators to demand support for the Corporate Patriot Enforcement Act, which cracks down on offshore tax dodges. Faced with Republican defections, House Speaker Dennis Hastert called on Republicans not to embarrass their President in a time of war. You would think that the President's fight for privilege rather than shared sacrifice is embarrassment enough. The next time you see a haunting picture of a young soldier caked with dust in the desert think of the CEOs cheering him or her on from the beaches in Bermuda. And remember that the same President who has exposed the troops in the desert is sheltering those execs on the beach.

ROBERT L. BOROSAGE

Robert L. Borosage is co-director of the Campaign for America's Future.

Unfit to Be King

He might have the toughest detail this war has to offer. Jay Garner, the retired Army general and former Star Wars commander, is currently holed up at a Hilton resort near Kuwait City, trying to make sense of his mission. Appointed by Donald Rumsfeld in late January as chief of the Pentagon's controversial Office of Reconstruction and Humanitarian Assistance, Garner is in charge of coordinating the military's reconstruction effort in Iraq and insuring that democracy can take hold once the last Bradley fighting vehicle rolls out of Baghdad.

But Garner, at 64, is in many ways spectacularly unsuited for the job. He won accolades for his supervision of refugee operations after the first Gulf War, but since he left military service for the military industry in 1997, Garner's record has been checkered with charges of corporate cronyism and allegiances to neocon hawks and Israeli right-wingers. That history could make his mission a lot tougher—or even sabotage it entirely.

Garner's duties are superhuman: to oversee planning for a new Iraqi government, supervise the construction of every water tower and school, and appease the gamut of political, religious and corporate factions clawing for Iraqi turf while winning the confidence of more than 24 million war-scarred citizens. He must also quell growing fears at the United Nations, the State Department and the CIA that Rumsfeld's Pentagon has stolen control of postwar Iraq—and will claim the spoils of war.

Defense officials contend he's a unique commander who shares Rumsfeld's vision for a prominent military role in postwar peacekeeping. Garner led the Kurdish refugee campaign Operation Provide Comfort in 1991, a mission generally deemed successful by aid workers. The Kurds didn't want Garner to leave, it was then reported, and hoisted the decorated general on their shoulders like a newborn emperor.

His résumé, however, has changed since then. While on "sabbatical" since January from SY Coleman, Iraq's viceroy-to-be

COMMENT

remains the paid president of this defense company, which makes components for logistical and surveillance products deployed all over Iraq.

"He's a conflict-of-interest disaster," says John Cavanagh, director of the Institute for Policy Studies. "Garner doesn't know how to build democracy. He knows how to build weapons systems and kill people." He also knows how to win big military contracts.

Curiously, only months after Garner got his new job at the Pentagon, SY Coleman's parent company, L-3 Communications, was blessed with the group's biggest contract to date: a \$1.5 billion daisy to provide logistical services on the Iraqi frontlines and elsewhere. While it's unclear what role Garner played in pushing that contract—an L-3 spokesman did not return calls—critics have questioned other sweetheart deals that went his way.

This past fall, federal investigators began looking at a fishy contract SY Coleman (then SY Technologies) had won from the Army's Space and Missile Defense Command, which Garner once directed, without having to bid on it. Shortly after the \$48 million award was announced, it was withdrawn for lack of funds, and inspectors chose not to probe further.

KOMMISSAR KRISTOL

William Kristol's April 7 editorial in *The Weekly Standard* denouncing critics of the war on Iraq as "anti-American" is startlingly reminiscent of the menacing directives issued for decades by the Soviet Communist Party's Department of Ideology.

Any literate person of Kristol's generation surely remembers the repressive charges of "anti-Sovietism" leveled by the pre-Gorbachev Kremlin against domestic dissidents, including the great pro-democracy (and, yes, pro-peace) dissident Andrei Sakharov. Now Kommissar Kristol lays down the line that all critics of the White House's war are guilty of holding "anti-American" opinions. According to Kristol, the "anti-Americans" include "the Teddy Kennedy wing of the Senate Democrats, the Nancy Pelosi faction of the House Democrats, a large majority of Democratic grass-roots activists" and the "bulk of liberal columnists, the *New York Times* editorial page, and Hollywood."

No doubt Kristol, with his censorious, antidemocratic instincts, would have risen high in the apparat of the old Soviet Communist Party. But there may be a larger, more ominous parallel here: Once upon a time, the Kremlin also used force to try to remake the world in its own image.

Conservatives claim to learn from history. Kristol's outburst—one of many such dissent-is-unpatriotic statements issued by pro-White House cheerleaders in the media—is more evidence that the people who now control America's national security policy are not really conservatives but extremists.

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

The allegations were first made public last summer by a Colorado-based civilian inspector named Biff Baker, who'd been hired by a Defense Department subcontractor in 2001 to assess military contracts. Baker said he found that Garner had used connections with old colleagues to send millions' worth of wasteful contracts toward SY Tech. Garner denied the charges and then bombed Baker with a libel lawsuit. (Baker accepted a gag order in a settlement in January.)

Garner may soon face a libel suit of his own. A SY competitor, DESE Research, claims Garner trashed its top execs during meetings with military contracting officials who had previously been under his command, all in an effort to steer business SY's way. DESE attorney Howell Riggs confirmed that a suit against Garner and SY Coleman charging "tortious interference, slander and conspiracy" would be filed in the coming months.

"The general rule: You don't do business with people you worked with," says Steven Schooner, a professor of procurement law at George Washington University. "At the very least, it creates the appearance of impropriety." Garner's spokesperson did not return calls.

"Jay's very aggressive and did what he could to pull contracts, even if that meant pulling strings," a former top industry executive who worked closely with Garner told *The Nation*. Given the Pentagon's habit of awarding contracts close to home (Dick Cheney's Halliburton) and the conflicts of interest among key advisers (Richard Perle), Garner's history of strong-arming military dollars does little to burnish the office's lofty goals.

What might unsettle Iraqis most are the political ties Garner has developed while hawking military goods and services to Israel, such as the components SY makes for the Arrow and Patriot missile defense systems. In 1998 Garner took an all-expenses-paid trip to Israel on behalf of a right-wing think tank, the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs. He later put his name to a controversial statement blaming Palestinians for violence in Israel and suggesting a democratic makeover of the Middle East.

"He's a wild political miscalculation," says Hussein Ibish, communications director of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, who predicts that an American occupation of Iraq could look a lot like the Israeli occupation of the West Bank. "The efforts at reconstruction couldn't be designed better to give the wrong impression." The result, Ibish says, could be mass resistance to Garner, his team on the ground and even independent relief agencies. To avoid that, an activist has founded StopJay-Garner.com, where guests can sign letters calling for Garner's resignation.

But for Garner to step down could also be a costly miscalculation, leading to more instability within Iraq. Instead, Garner's ambitious role should be redefined and many of his duties doled out to officials from legitimate relief agencies. If he fully divests of his stakes in SY, Garner could prove to be an asset—as, say, military liaison to a reconstruction effort led by the United Nations. But the humanitarian mop-up should be left to the humanitarians, and governance to the Iraqis.

GEOFFREY GRAY

Geoffrey Gray, a writer living in Manhattan, has contributed to the *New York Times*, the *Village Voice* and other publications.

The Firing of Peter Arnett



On March 19, shortly after Saddam Hussein defied President Bush's deadline to go into exile, Tom Brokaw of NBC broke into *Law & Order*, airing on the East Coast, to announce the start of bombing. Al Jazeera provided the initial visuals. By phone, Brokaw spoke with Peter Arnett in Baghdad, on assignment for National Geographic television. As the night wore on, NBC was only too eager to claim Arnett as its own.

But Arnett's star turn was short-lived; within two weeks he was dismissed for saying that the coalition's initial war plan was not working. That he said this—and more—on “state controlled” Iraqi television seems beside the point. All Iraqi television is state-controlled. And had Arnett said this on a privately owned network elsewhere, it still could have been beamed around the world.

Arnett may have stated the obvious, but his interview was insensitive (four journalists were missing when he praised the work of the Iraqi Information Industry) and unnecessary, given all the reporting he had to do. But it fell far short of a fireable offense. The behavior of NBC, which initially supported his Iraq appearance, was hardly a profile in courage. The losers in all this, of course, were viewers, deprived of reporting from the only US-based television correspondent remaining in Baghdad.

For Arnett, this was an ironic and painful chapter in a career that began very differently. In *The First Casualty*, the authoritative history of military journalism, Phillip Knightley recounts how Arnett arrived in Vietnam, a 27-year-old New Zealander working for the Associated Press, whose job was to observe with “as much professional detachment as possible.” Arnett stayed until war's end thirteen years later, spending more time in the field than any other reporter and earning a Pulitzer Prize.

Then, as a CNN reporter during the Gulf War, he became even more of a household presence, as the only television correspondent permitted to remain inside Baghdad. For this, he was damned and praised. In a letter to CNN, thirty-nine members of the House of Representatives claimed that Arnett's reports endangered the lives of US servicemen and gave the “demented dictator a propaganda mouthpiece.” CNN supported and even lionized Arnett, who reminded viewers that he was allowed to see only what his Iraqi “minders” wanted him to.

By the late 1990s, Arnett's relationship with CNN had soured. He was the on-air reporter for a documentary that accused US forces of using sarin gas on a Laotian village in 1970 to kill US defectors. CNN quickly backed away from this show. Arnett mounted the candid, if hardly endearing, defense that he was merely reading a script. His contract was not renewed.

This time, Arnett went to Iraq as an employee of *National Geographic Explorer*, which airs on MSNBC. After NBC, along with CBS and ABC, ordered their staffs out of Baghdad for safety reasons, the network was happy to use his reports—until he went on Iraqi TV. At first, NBC sprang to Arnett's defense, calling his remarks “analytical in nature.” Then, fourteen hours later, after criticism mounted, particularly on Fox TV, NBC and his other bosses flailed as they tried to save face. NBC News presi-

dent Neal Shapiro said it was wrong for Arnett to grant this interview and “discuss his personal observations and opinions.” In the *Washington Post*, the head of MSNBC spoke of Arnett's “clearly pro-Iraqi or anti-American viewpoints,” not mentioning if this view of Arnett would nullify the coverage he had provided in the first days of the war. National Geographic TV's president told the *Philadelphia Inquirer* that Arnett had “violated the rule of becoming the story”—a thought I have never seen expressed as a journalism “rule” before.

Alessandra Stanley in the *New York Times* pinned responsibility for Arnett and Fox's Geraldo Rivera (who was expelled from Iraq for reporting troop movements) “on news executives who tempted fate by relying on reporters they knew to be unreliable.” That is harsh. Beyond reciting Arnett's role as narrator for the sarin gas documentary, she gave no evidence of his unreliability. Stanley had her own change of heart, later suggesting that “NBC would have looked better sticking by him than it did giving him up as soon as criticism grew acute.” That observation seems right.

Journalism has changed enormously since Arnett reported for the AP. Journalists in most mainstream outlets have considerably more leeway in reporting and writing, with the distinctions between reporting and interpretation often melting away. Arnett may not have used this leeway wisely, but he deserved better treatment for his heroic coverage.

TOM GOLDSTEIN

Tom Goldstein, former dean of the journalism schools at University of California, Berkeley, and at Columbia, is a journalist and educator based in Berkeley. He served as a consultant for NBC to review its coverage of Election Night 2000.

A Pox on America

In December, when hospitals in Atlanta and Richmond announced that they were opting out of the federal smallpox vaccination plan, opinion leaders reacted as if the physicians had enlisted with Al Qaeda. The *Washington Post* argued that “there are reasons, moral and medical, to deplore the decision of those doctors who refuse in this manner.” A *New York Times* editorial called the decision “deplorable.”

In the months since, hundreds of other hospitals, asked to employ a famously risky vaccine against a disease that was eradicated twenty-six years ago, made the same “deplorable” decision. But by late March, when a nurse, a nurse's aide and a National Guardsman all died of heart attacks following vaccination, the hospitals' resistance seemed less deplorable than prescient. Once news of the deaths broke, at least ten health departments temporarily suspended their smallpox programs. Under the Administration's plan, half a million emergency room workers were supposed to have been inoculated by late February. But as of March 28, only 29,584 doses of vaccine had been administered. The White House's immunization blitz is a bust.

The vaccination of ER workers was supposed to be only Phase I of the smallpox plan. Phase II would have given the vaccine to 10 million first responders, such as emergency medical technicians, fire departments and police. Phase III would offer the

vaccine to any anxious Americans, if not medically disqualified—the approach originally advocated by Vice President Cheney. If individual hospitals and health departments hadn't stood their ground, the vaccination death toll could have been higher.

With any therapy or preventive treatment the question is always: Do the benefits outweigh the risks? Measuring a bioterror threat that was merely theoretical against the vaccine's known risks of illness and death, most healthcare workers said no. They weren't primarily fearful for their own lives—though even healthy people who get smallpox vaccinations risk encephalitis and ravaging skin infections—but rather for their patients'.

What healthcare workers see when they stroll through hospital corridors are not victims of biowarfare but patients suffering from cancer, heart disease, HIV infection, diabetes, organ transplants and other immunity-dampening conditions. The smallpox vaccine is made from vaccinia—a live, transmissible, potentially deadly cousin of the smallpox virus. That means fragile patients could actually get infected by freshly immunized healthcare workers whose vaccination sites are not well sealed.

In refusing to be immunized, doctors and nurses not only protected themselves and their patients but also shielded institutions from potential lawsuits over death and injury, a problem the Bush Administration neglected for months. Not until early March, with war looming, did the White House ask Congress to authorize compensation for vaccine victims. Even that package, derided by Senator Ted Kennedy as a “tin-cup response,” doesn't come close to covering the full risks of the misconceived program. “What happens if a family member gets sick?” asks Cheryl Peterson, RN, a senior policy analyst with the American Nurses Association, which criticized the smallpox program. “What happens if a patient of mine gets sick? What happens if I get sick? Where is the government going to be?” Three deaths later, legislators have yet to pass a compensation package.

The President's plan was never a traditional public health initiative. Childhood immunizations against measles and mumps, or hepatitis B shots for healthcare workers, protect people against clear and definable risks and offer irrefutable public benefits. In this light, the smallpox program, says Brian Strom, MD, chairman of a prestigious Institute of Medicine committee advising federal health officials on the smallpox plan, “is not a public health campaign at all. It's a defense program.”

Most health experts acknowledge that there is a remote risk of a smallpox attack. Among the four nations suspected of harboring secret stocks of the virus are Russia, North Korea and Iraq. Still, many doubt the Bush team's motives and its credibility in assessing the threat. “The Administration says, ‘We know but we can't tell you,’” says Linda Rosenstock, MD, dean of the School of Public Health at the University of California, Los Angeles. “They say there's nothing to worry about at the same time that they're recommending an extreme policy.”

The vaccination plan was politicized from day one. Shortly after 9/11 Senator Arlen Specter volunteered his four granddaughters for inoculation; last August, Senator Bill Frist argued that all Americans should be able to get the vaccine.

“The Administration covered itself,” says Paul Offit, MD, a member of a federal advisory committee on immunization. “If

smallpox virus comes into this country, they've made every effort to try and get people vaccinated. And if it doesn't come into this country, they can claim it was a deterrent. But this is not the vaccine to use as a deterrent.” Some doctors resisted taking part in the program because it would have made them complicit in a war they abhor. Ira Helfand, MD, chairman of emergency medicine at Cooley Dickinson Hospital in Northampton, Massachusetts, which opted out in January, says many on his staff saw the plan as “part of the Bush Administration's effort to build up a climate of siege in this country to support his policy in Iraq.”

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention appear to be caught between Washington hard-line politics and more measured advice from other public health veterans. Though the CDC added heart disease to the exclusion criteria for the current smallpox program, it nevertheless plans to move forward, releasing Phase II guidelines by mid-April. But Offit, the only federal adviser to vote against the plan in October, argues that we should “use the recent events as a reason to temporarily suspend the program and take a step back.” Strom, who was alarmed when some states quietly started up Phase II in early March without first examining Phase I's failures, has also come around to supporting a “pause.”

With risks more severe than had been anticipated, their words should be heeded. In truth, the government may not need to immunize anyone yet. The vaccine is protective even four days after exposure, which weakens the argument for putting such a dangerous vaccine into people's arms now. As long as the vials are strategically in position, there would be time to respond if and when the unthinkable occurs.

MADELINE DREXLER

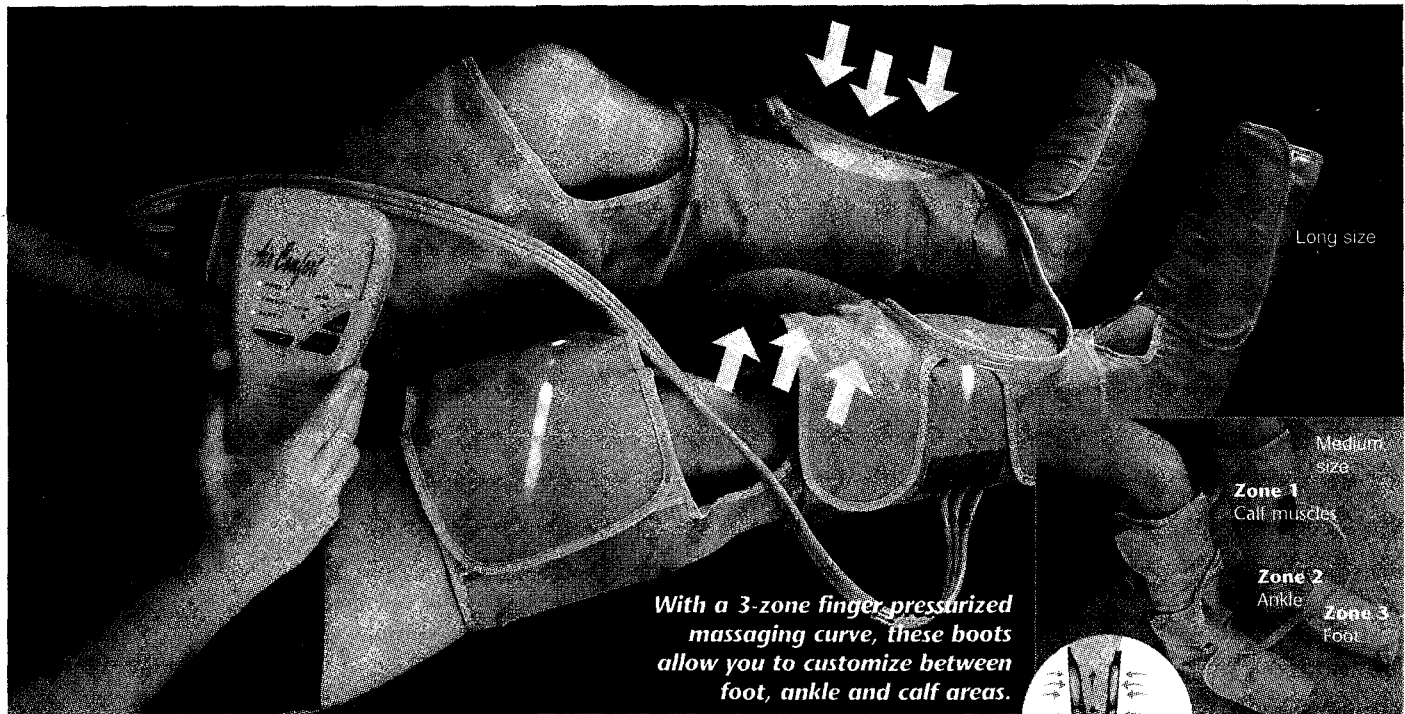
Madeline Drexler is a Boston-based journalist and author of Secret Agents: The Menace of Emerging Infections (Penguin).

The War Democrats

The Democratic Leadership Council, the lost-inside-the-Beltway group that last fall championed the disastrous Democratic strategy of cozying up to the Bush Administration on military issues while offering murky alternatives to GOP domestic policies, is now proffering advice to the party's 2004 presidential contenders. An early-April memo from its Washington command-and-control center sternly warned that “antiwar Democrats do not have the right to claim, as [former Vermont Governor Howard] Dean often does, that opposing the war is a matter of fidelity to Democratic tradition, or that antiwar Democrats represent ‘the democratic wing of the Democratic Party.’”

To hear the corporate-friendly, right-leaning DLC tell it, “there's an enduring tradition of Democratic support for the principled use of force,” which includes support for the United Nations but that also preserves “America's right to enforce international law against Iraq alone if necessary.” The DLC—which counts two presidential contenders who backed George W. Bush on Iraq, Connecticut Senator Joe Lieberman and Missouri Representative Richard Gephardt, as former chairs—complains that antiwar Democrats suffer from a “tendency to interpret any military conflict through the nostalgic lens of the political struggle against the

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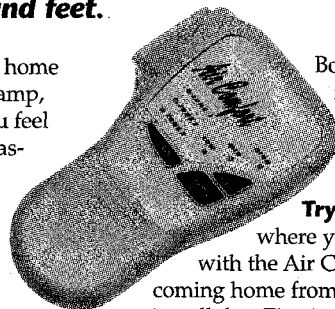
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COMMENT

war in Vietnam." The campaign of the most outspoken war foe among the Democratic contenders, Congressional Progressive Caucus co-chair Dennis Kucinich of Ohio, is dismissed as the "Unclaimed Freight Outlet of Democratic politics, retailing every failed or outdated lefty idea with a fierce and touching passion."

The DLCers are echoing a common view among Democratic strategists who don't get out much. The quivering crowd of Washington insiders who maneuvered their party out of contention in last fall's Congressional contests continues to preach a caution-over-conscience line exemplified by former Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee chair Martin Frost, who scolded House minority leader Nancy Pelosi for attempting to soften pro-Bush posturing in the House's "support the troops" resolution. "We should not equivocate in our support," Frost grumbled.

Frost and others who cling to the tired fantasy that Democrats will find a road to the White House that leads through the prowar states of the Old South may actually believe the DLC spin that says candidates who make antiwar statements speak only to "a persistent if small faction in the party." But Democrats who are spending time with the people who will decide the party's nomination know that there's nothing "small" about the antiwar faction. The liberal party activists and African-Americans who form two of the most powerful voting blocs in critical caucus and primary states have remained, according to polls, steadfast in their opposition to Bush's military adventurism. When North Carolina Senator John Edwards defended his support for the war before a crowd of 300 Iowa Democrats in early April, only two people clapped.

Even if the war fades as an issue, the candidates' stands re-

garding it are likely to have a dramatic influence on the nomination fight. Edwards, Lieberman and Gephardt have been pegged in the eyes of grassroots Democrats as contenders out of sync with the values that have animated party activists for the better part of four decades. Dean, meanwhile, is attracting key endorsements, raising money at a faster clip than anyone anticipated and moving into a tie for first place in New Hampshire polls with the race's presumed frontrunner, Massachusetts Senator John Kerry. This frustrates Kucinich, the Rev. Al Sharpton and all-but-declared candidate Gary Hart, all of whom have adopted more explicitly antiwar positions than the Vermonter. But the Dean phenomenon speaks to an emerging reality in the contest.

Even as they express fervent antiwar sentiments, many Democratic activists continue to look for a "full package" candidate who respects their ideals but can also dispatch Bush. Dean will evolve his campaign into a crusade for healthcare reform, which he hopes will position him as the most electable of the dissenting Democrats. But he may find himself blocked by Kerry, who seems to be succeeding in playing the war issue both ways—just as Bill Clinton, who never took a clear stand on the Gulf War, did in 1992. Kerry voted for the "use of force" resolution but has refused to echo the apologies for the war that Lieberman, Gephardt and Edwards mouth in front of Democratic audiences. Rather, Kerry scores points with those same crowds by pounding Bush for committing a "breach of trust" against the UN, destroying international alliances and increasing the risk of terrorist attacks. In early April, Kerry grabbed the anti-Bush high ground. Regardless of how successful the United States is in waging war against Iraq, Kerry told New Hampshire Democrats, it will take a new President to rebuild the country's damaged relationships with the rest of the world. "What we need now is not just a regime change in...Iraq, but we need a regime change in the United States," he said to cheers from the crowd and catcalls from the GOP. When a rogues' gallery of Republicans, including House majority leader Tom DeLay, attacked him, Kerry, a decorated Vietnam veteran, declared, "I don't need any lessons in patriotism or in caring about America from the likes of the right wing and Tom DeLay." He called it a "pleasure" to be attacked by the GOP attack dogs. Serious candidates have recognized something the DLC doesn't yet understand: The people who will pick the party's nominee are not fans of George W. Bush or his war. JOHN NICHOLS

CALVIN TRILLIN

EVERYTHING GEORGE BUSH NEEDS TO KNOW HE LEARNED ON THE PLAYGROUND

Let's say that from the east while you look south
An icy snowball hits you in the mouth.
You see the kid who did it run, the wretch,
But he proves quite impossible to catch.
He's gone. So you, your anger quite unsated,
Beat up another kid you've always hated.

You hit him from above and underneath.
Then smash his nose and rearrange his teeth.
Yes, pound on him until that dreadful punk'll
Have no alternative to crying uncle.
Though he is not the wretch too fast to chase,
It's hard to tell that once you've smashed his face.

THIS WEEK ON THE WEB

What should we fear, if anything, from a possible bioterrorist attack? And what can we do to protect ourselves from the threat? Dr. Marc Siegel addresses these questions in the latest installment of "Ask Dr. Marc"; Richard Goldstein looks at Madonna's new video, which she pulled from release, citing its controversial nature; Silja Talvi critiques drug czar John Walters's \$150 million anti-marijuana campaign; *Nation* editor Katrina vanden Heuvel launches a *Nation* weblog and Matt Bivens offers daily outrages (www.thenation.com).

Saving Private Lynch

It was a drama too good to miss, made for TV, if not for Hollywood. So the Pentagon made sure that when Special Operations commandos launched a nighttime raid on an Iraqi hospital April 1 to free a captive US soldier, more than just the troops were rolling. Pfc. Jessica Lynch, the captive, was freed by Navy SEALs and captured on video as she was carried out on a stretcher, looking wan and pained but stoic. The Pentagon showed a tape of her rescue to journalists, and soon the story of Private Lynch's rescue was broadcast around the globe. Just what George W. Bush needed at that moment, with his generals trashing the war plan and casualties from friendly-fire incidents growing.

Maybe it is just what Lynch needed too, getting rescued like that before an audience of millions. She will survive her many wounds and, we hope, mend from the trauma of her captivity. Now when she returns to Palestine, West Virginia, she may have better prospects than when she left for the Army. The *Washington Post* reported that Hollywood producers were panting at the made-for-TV possibilities of Lynch's story. Book contracts and scholarship money have been proffered.

Back home in Palestine, there aren't many jobs or opportunities to speak of. Lynch signed up for the Army before she graduated from Wirt County High School. Wirt County's unemployment rate is around 15 percent, so it's no wonder Lynch—and her brother and sister—joined up. The Army would be her way out, to a college education that she and her parents could not afford. But what she really wanted to do, what Private Lynch had dreamed of doing, her fantasy job? She wanted to teach kindergarten. She wanted to be a public school teacher. Now if that isn't heroic, what is?

And if her story isn't ironic, nothing is. A young woman from a working-poor rural family wants to teach children. But she can't afford the education unless she agrees to participate in an invasion of a country where a quarter of all children can't get an education. And of course, the \$80 billion initial cost of the invasion means even less money from federal, state or local governments for schools and education back in Palestine, West Virginia. But the recruiting stations are sure to be well staffed. ANNETTE FUENTES

Annette Fuentes received a 2002 Journalism Fellowship in Child and Family Policy from the University of Maryland, funded by the Foundation for Child Development.

In Fact . . .

PRAY FOR THE PRESIDENT

US Marines in Iraq received literature urging them to pray for George W. Bush. A pamphlet was prepared by In Touch Ministries in Atlanta and was not intended primarily for the military (a spokesman there told the *Washington Post* she didn't know who had sent the pamphlet to the Marines). Writing on "A Christian's Duty in Time of War," the Rev. Charles Stanley says, "In times of both peace and conflict, citizens have the duty to pray, intercede, and give thanks for their country's leadership." Inside, the pamphlet advises, "Your faithful prayers, fasting, and acts of service will do more to conquer the enemy than any material weapon of war." (Tell it to the Marines.) There is a card telling "Dear President Bush" that the undersigned is praying for him, his staff and "our troops." No doubt Bush, who at his last press conference made a point of saying how much he appreciated citizens' prayers, will be glad to hear it. See Matt Bivens's column on the web (www.thenation.com).

WEEKLY STANDARD DISHONESTY WATCH

Eric Alterman writes: For the third week in a row, *The Weekly Standard* has run the following dishonest advertisement for itself in its own pages: "Reader for reader, it may be the most influential publication in America. —The *New York Times*, March 11, 2003." But "The *New York Times*" never said these words. I did, and the *Times* quoted me. The *Standard* is reluctant to credit the real source but likes the blurb so much it is willing, in effect, to mislead its readers. Try this: "The mass arrests of the protesters who seek only to exercise their democratic rights is part and parcel of the government's campaign to criminalize dissent

as it wages war abroad and rages the working class, blacks and immigrants at home. —*The Weekly Standard*, April 7, 2003." Actually, these words are from San Francisco's Partisan Defense Committee and are quoted in the *Standard*.

FOLLOW-UP: TULSA RACE RIOT

Adrian Brune writes: Veneice Sims is a 97-year-old black woman who prides herself on being a survivor of the 1921 Tulsa race riot. Asked what she would do if she was paid reparations for enduring one of the worst race riots in American history, Sims replied, "I would give it to my great-grandniece so she could go to school." She might get the chance. On February 24, a cadre of attorneys, including Johnnie Cochran and Harvard law professor Charles Ogletree Jr., filed a 139-page lawsuit in Tulsa against the city and the state of Oklahoma to force them to pay reparations for deaths and property damage resulting from the 1921 riot [see Brune, "Tulsa's Shame," March 18, 2002]. Ogletree told the *Boston Globe* that the case is intended as the first in a series of slavery-reparations suits. "Tulsa is the appropriate place to think about the history of race and segregation," he says. "This is one of the most important moments in the history of the black struggle in the United States and the world," says civil rights activist Randall Robinson.

NEWS OF THE WEAK IN REVIEW

British Defense Secretary Geoff Hoon defended the dropping of fifty cluster bombs in southern Iraq ("perfectly legal"). Asked if Iraqi mothers would thank him for leaving up to 800 child-attracting bomblets lying about, he said, "One day they might."

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Yes, War Really Is Hell

The risks of war? There was the risk of being bombed if you had the misfortune to live in a neighborhood where US targeters thought Saddam Hussein might be located. It could be the Iraqi dictator's remains are at the bottom of that hole in a residential district of Baghdad, waiting for DNA identification from some scrap of cell tissue covertly taken, maybe years ago during a warm handshake by April Glaspie, the US envoy who told Saddam back in 1990 that Iraq's quarrels with Kuwait were of scant interest to the United States. Or maybe Saddam was miles away when the pilot launched those four bombs. But we do know that nine people in houses next to the restaurant, supposedly perched on a Saddam bunker, are absolutely and positively dead.

Then there's the risk of just trying to run away, down the wrong road at the wrong time, like those Iraqi families fleeing Nasiriya or al-Hillah, chewed up by cluster bombs or riddled with bullets. Mark Franchetti counted twelve in one appalling episode, described in a wonderful piece of war reporting for the London *Sunday Times* on March 30.

And there's the risk of being a journalist in Iraq, particularly if you work for an Arab news network like Al Jazeera (which recently got a prize from the Index on Censorship for its skill in maintaining independent commentary), taking news footage of scenes like the one described by Franchetti, footage that would never make it onto US TV screens. No doubt remembering the US attack on its Kabul office in 2001, Al Jazeera notified the US military of the location of its office on the banks of the Tigris. The Pentagon said it had taken due note and promised it wouldn't be attacked.

According to Robert Fisk of the *Independent*, the day before the attack "the US State Department's spokesman in Doha, an Arab-American called Nabil Khouri, visited al-Jazeera's offices in the city and...repeated the Pentagon's assurances. Within 24 hours, the Americans had fired their missile into the Baghdad office," scoring a direct hit on the network's Baghdad correspondent, Tariq Ayoub, who was on the roof with his second cameraman filming a battle in the streets nearby. Ayoub died almost instantly.

About four hours later came the US tank blast at the Palestine Hotel, where some 200 non-Pentagon-sanctioned journalists were located, covering the war from what had been the Iraqi side of the lines. The shell exploded in the Reuters bureau on the fifteenth floor, killing a Ukrainian cameraman, Taras Protsyuk, who was filming the tanks, and seriously wounding three other journalists. On the next floor, Tele 5's cameraman, José Couso, was mortally wounded. All eyewitness agree, and a French videotape confirms, that contrary to the claims of US Gen. Buford Blount, there had been no fire directed at the tank in the minutes before it fired that shell. Figure out the odds. A thousand journalists in Iraq and ten dead; about 200,000 US/UK soldiers and maybe 125 dead.

Early on in the invasion I adjusted briskly to changed circumstances by not turning on my TV at all. Why wade through all the



muck on CNN when I could go online and not only learn that the goddess of *CNN Headline News*, Rudi Bakhtiar, calls her horse Dogchow, but get a thousand useful dispatches a day?

Somewhere around Day 7 of the war I gave a talk in Fort Bragg (Northern California) to about 200 people and asked for a show on how many were going to the web to get their war news. A very substantial majority put up their hands.

One could go to a site like the Minneapolis-based cursor.org and get a vast anthology of worldwide war reports. Through *iraqwar.ru* and *aeronautics.ru* I could get detailed accounts (shut down after April 8) of the military campaign from a Russian group in close touch with Russian military intelligence. The British press had some very good reporting in the *Guardian*, *Independent*, *Financial Times* and BBC. There was good eyewitness stuff and commentary too from across the Third World. And this isn't to derogate some fine stories from the embedded crowd, not just Franchetti of the Murdoch-owned *Sunday Times* but from the (Moonie-owned) UPI, from Frederik Balfour of *Business Week*, pulled from Hong Kong and thrown into Iraq, and from Pepe Escobar of the *Asia Times*.

But yes, that's if you spend a few hours a day peering into a computer screen, as opposed to gazing into Paula Zahn's eyes. In range of a Pacifica radio transmitter, you could get Amy Goodman's *Democracy Now!* But elsewhere? NPR was pretty awful and AM radio mostly unspeakable.

There's cheering in the streets now. No big surprise. Saddam was not a popular guy, and anyway, people know which side their bread is buttered on. Never forget, upstanding citizens of Nagasaki sponsored a festive Miss Atomic Bomb contest almost at the onset of the US occupation at the end of World War II. As I'm sure Martha Stewart would tell us, the art of living is learning to adjust briskly to changed circumstances.

Iraq will slowly slide from the headlines. The press will head for home. Life for ordinary Iraqis will be unimaginably unpleasant. Resistance will slowly grow, probably led by Dawa, a Shiite resistance group; by the Iraqi Communist Party; and perhaps by pro-Syrian elements of the Baath Party, which has retained, through years of repression, a surprising amount of strength.

How long will US occupation last, if there are lethal assaults of the sort that killed more than 200 Marines in Lebanon in the Reagan years, prompting rapid withdrawal? From across the border, the Iranians will be pretty good at this sort of game, and of course will be eager to speed US departure. For a sense of perspective, read the grand speeches of the British upon entering Mesopotamia in World War 1, only to face a concerted uprising by Shiites, Sunnis and Kurds in 1920.

Do I hear a question from the back about the US economy? Since you ask, it's in truly dreadful shape. An accelerating unemployment rate, no investment, consumer spending down and, if there's a real break in the housing market, kiss it all goodbye. But hey, by that time we'll probably be at war with North Korea. ■

PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

Taking the Cake

According to a recent Gallup Poll, 78 percent of white Americans supported invading Iraq, but only 29 percent of blacks. One reason for such a great disparity might be that while blacks represent 12 percent of the population, they make up at least 25 percent of the Army. Those whom the war touches most deeply—particularly the relatives of servicemen—tend to be deeply uneasy about this war. (It would be interesting to break down the antiwar sentiment among whites: a good portion will no doubt be “the usual liberals,” but I suspect that a surprising number of them will be Gulf War and Vietnam vets, as well as family of servicemen and -women.)

Another reason for the disparity is probably economics. With an unemployment rate double that of whites—a little more than 10 percent—African-Americans are first to feel our massive, war-inspired budget cuts. There is concern, too, that almost 5 percent of all black men are in prison or jail, a sad overrepresentation among the nation’s inmates, whose overall population recently rose to surpass 2 million. While some think that this rate of incarceration—the highest in the world by far—is a good thing, most blacks see it as the product of failures in the infrastructure serving minorities, particularly public schools, which have been resegregating over the past decade at an alarming rate.

In addition, many black churches and social organizations are very mindful of Martin Luther King’s concern in his much-cited “Beyond Vietnam” speech: that we were “taking the black young men who had been crippled by our society and sending them 8,000 miles away to guarantee liberties in Southeast Asia which they had not found in southwest Georgia and East Harlem. So we have been repeatedly faced with the cruel irony of watching Negro and white boys on TV screens as they kill and die together for a nation that has been unable to seat them together in the same schools.”

Although it is useless now to wish us back to the days of global diplomacy, perhaps it is not too late, in the spirit of earnest—even desperate—patriotism, to offer a few suggestions, based on lessons learned and analogies floating around the black community, about how we might handle the extended occupation to which our leaders seem committed now that Baghdad has reportedly fallen.

First, one should never enter a fight announcing that it will be a “cakewalk.” A cakewalk was a dance contest popularized during the days of black minstrelsy, for which the prize was, as implied, a fluffy confection. Debussy, as our well-educated senior advisers ought to know, wrote a funny little piece of musical condescension to this effect, *Golliwog’s Cakewalk*. (A golliwog, for the uninformed, is a charmingly old-fashioned word for “nigger.”) Such are the amusements of colonialism. But in the so-called postcolonial era, such references do tend to rankle.

Second, one might think twice about some of the clichéd paradigms that have been used to drive our mighty military momentum, like, “You can’t stand around waiting to be mugged.”

This is the Bernhard Goetz doctrine, the cowboy rationale, as well as the hip-hop anthem, shoot first, ask questions later. It is a scared gangfighter’s way of thinking, and it insures a never-ending cycle of trauma, in which illusions of danger are treated on a par with reality, in which waves of endless violence engulf all sane limits.

When some of us hear about our “having” to kill pregnant women, children and old people in the name of self-defense—it is hard not to be reminded of what happened to Amadou Diallo. It is hard not to

think about children in black communities who have been shot for holding candy bars and toy guns and sticks or nothing at all.

We appreciate how quickly a soldier must react in a firefight on the battlefield—or in a dangerous drug bust. But the imperative of “not waiting” is the recourse of the badly trained, the panicked, the ill prepared, and for that we must—we must—question our leaders, who, despite being warned by almost the entire world, kept planning as though acts of war would be received as pure humanitarianism.

Finally, if our mission is to “win hearts and minds,” it is not a great idea to engage in boorish, end-zone triumphalism. Everywhere there are pictures of American soldiers crashing through Saddam Hussein’s palaces, those immense, ornate buildings that we are supposedly liberating because they belong to the Iraqi people.

Yet one sees American soldiers sprawled commandingly in the silk-upholstered chairs, high-fiving, having a smoke, their guns and helmets strewn upon the spindly coffee tables. One picture showed a soldier clutching a fistful of silverware with his left hand; with his right, he held an ornate fork up to the light, the unseemliness of open appraisal upon his face. The *Boston Globe* described the soldiers as helping themselves to “souvenirs.” Our soldiers must be careful not to act as police sometimes do in ghetto raids. The residents may hate the drug dealer, but they will also hate the policeman who struts about smiling and laughing and helping himself to the dealer’s Cuban cigars.

Nor should our troops stand by in the aftermath, while things burn, baby burn. In Basra, coalition soldiers watched looters carry off everything from computers to grand pianos to public buses. They watched, they said, because it was not their function to interfere. “This is Iraqi against Iraqi,” one commander explained, sounding rather as though he was speaking of “black on black” crime. We must remind our leaders that it is deeply immoral to foment this kind of disorder and then stand back and shake our heads about how incorrigible the natives are.

This behavior will not win us friends and, ahem, we do need friends. As Elizabeth Stanley-Mitchell wrote in a *New York Times* op-ed, if the United States does not soon make peace with some group of Iraqis from whom new leadership can grow, “then it must defeat all of them.” It is folly to think we can make peace by ourselves. The sad truth is, we’re still trying to make peace with ourselves. ■

NAOMI KLEIN

Privatization in Disguise

On April 6, Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz spelled it out: There will be no role for the United Nations in setting up an interim government in Iraq. The US-run regime will last at least six months, "probably...longer than that."

And by the time the Iraqi people have a say in choosing a government, the key economic decisions about their country's future will have been made by their occupiers. "There has got to be an effective administration from day one," Wolfowitz said. "People need water and food and medicine, and the sewers have to work, the electricity has to work. And that's a coalition responsibility."

The process of getting all this infrastructure to work is usually called "reconstruction." But American plans for Iraq's future economy go well beyond that. Rather, the country is being treated as a blank slate on which the most ideological Washington neoliberals can design their dream economy: fully privatized, foreign-owned and open for business.

Some highlights: The \$4.8 million management contract for the port in Umm Qasr has already gone to a US company, Stevedoring Services of America, and the airports are on the auction block. The US Agency for International Development has invited US multinationals to bid on everything from rebuilding roads and bridges to printing textbooks. Most of these contracts are for about a year, but some have options that extend up to four. How long before they meld into long-term contracts for privatized water services, transit systems, roads, schools and phones? When does reconstruction turn into privatization in disguise?

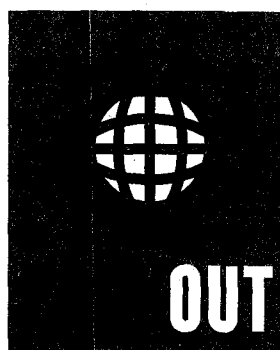
California Republican Congressman Darrel Issa has introduced a bill that would require the Defense Department to build a CDMA cell-phone system in postwar Iraq in order to benefit "US patent holders." As Farhad Manjoo noted in *Salon*, CDMA is the system used in the United States, not Europe, and was developed by Qualcomm, one of Issa's most generous donors.

And then there's oil. The Bush Administration knows it can't talk openly about selling off Iraq's oil resources to ExxonMobil and Shell. It leaves that to Fadhil Chalabi, a former Iraq petroleum ministry official. "We need to have a huge amount of money coming into the country," Chalabi says. "The only way is to partially privatize the industry."

He is part of a group of Iraqi exiles who have been advising the State Department on how to implement that privatization in such a way that it isn't seen to be coming from the United States. Helpfully, the group held a conference on April 4-5 in London, where it called on Iraq to open itself up to oil multinationals after the war. The Administration has shown its gratitude by promising there will be plenty of posts for Iraqi exiles in the interim government.

Some argue that it's too simplistic to say this war is about oil. They're right. It's about oil, water, roads, trains, phones, ports and drugs. And if this process isn't halted, "free Iraq" will be the most sold country on earth.

It's no surprise that so many multinationals are lunging for



Iraq's untapped market. It's not just that the reconstruction will be worth as much as \$100 billion; it's also that "free trade" by less violent means hasn't been going that well lately. More and more developing countries are rejecting privatization, while the Free Trade Area of the Americas, Bush's top trade priority, is wildly unpopular across Latin America. World Trade Organization talks on intellectual property, agriculture and services have all bogged down amid accusations that America and Europe have yet to make good on past promises.

So what is a recessionary, growth-addicted superpower to do? How about upgrading Free Trade Lite, which wrestles market access through backroom bullying, to Free Trade Supercharged, which seizes new markets on the battlefields of pre-emptive wars? After all, negotiations with sovereign nations can be hard. Far easier to just tear up the country, occupy it, then rebuild it the way you want. Bush hasn't abandoned free trade, as some have claimed, he just has a new doctrine: "Bomb before you buy."

It goes further than one unlucky country. Investors are openly predicting that once privatization of Iraq takes root, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait will be forced to compete by privatizing their oil. "In Iran, it would just catch like wildfire," S. Rob Sobhani, an energy consultant, told the *Wall Street Journal*. Soon, America may have bombed its way into a whole new free-trade zone.

So far, the press debate over the reconstruction of Iraq has focused on fair play: It is "exceptionally maladroit," in the words of the European Union's Commissioner for External Relations, Chris Patten, for the United States to keep all the juicy contracts for itself. It has to learn to share: ExxonMobil should invite France's TotalFinaElf to the most lucrative oilfields; Bechtel should give Britain's Thames Water a shot at the sewer contracts.

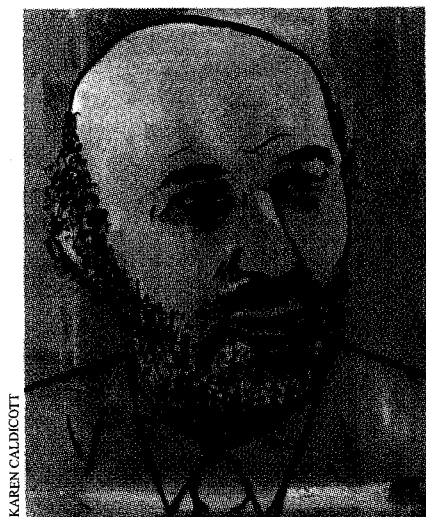
But while Patten may find US unilateralism galling and Tony Blair may be calling for UN oversight, on this matter it's beside the point. Who cares which multinationals get the best deals in Iraq's post-Saddam, pre-democracy liquidation sale? What does it matter if the privatizing is done unilaterally by Washington or multilaterally by the United States, Europe, Russia and China?

Entirely absent from this debate are the Iraqi people, who might—who knows?—want to hold on to a few of their assets. Iraq will be owed massive reparations after the bombing stops, but without any real democratic process, what is being planned is not reparations, reconstruction or rehabilitation. It is robbery: mass theft disguised as charity; privatization without representation.

A people, starved and sickened by sanctions, then pulverized by war, is going to emerge from this trauma to find that their country has been sold out from under them. They will also discover that their newfound "freedom"—for which so many of their loved ones perished—comes pre-shackled with irreversible economic decisions that were made in boardrooms while the bombs were still falling.

They will then be told to vote for their new leaders, and welcomed to the wonderful world of democracy. ■

ARTICLES



THE NATIVE INFORMANT

Adam Shatz

late last August, at a reunion of Korean War veterans in San Antonio, Texas, Dick Cheney tried to assuage concerns that a unilateral, pre-emptive war against Iraq might "cause even greater troubles in that part of the world." He cited a well-known Arab authority: "As for the reaction of the Arab street, the Middle East expert Professor Fouad Ajami predicts that after liberation in Basra and Baghdad, the streets are sure to erupt in joy." As the bombs fell over Baghdad, just before American troops began to encounter fierce Iraqi resistance, Ajami could scarcely conceal his glee. "We are now coming into acquisition of Iraq," he announced on CBS News the morning of March 22. "It's an amazing performance."

If Hollywood ever makes a film about Gulf War II, a supporting role should be reserved for Ajami, the director of Middle East Studies at the School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) at Johns Hopkins University. His is a classic American success story. Born in 1945 to Shiite parents in the remote southern Lebanese village of Arnoun and now a proud naturalized American, Ajami has become the most politically influential Arab intellectual of his generation in the United States. Condoleezza Rice often summons him to the White House for advice, and Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz, a friend and former colleague, has paid tribute to him in several recent speeches on Iraq. Although he has produced little scholarly work of value, Ajami is a regular guest on CBS News, *Charlie Rose* and the *NewsHour With Jim Lehrer*, and a frequent contributor to the editorial pages of the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times*. His ideas are also widely recycled by acolytes like Thomas Friedman and Judith Miller of the *Times*.

Ajami's unique role in American political life has been to unpack the unfathomable mysteries of the Arab and Muslim world and to help sell America's wars in the region. A diminutive, balding man with a dramatic beard, stylish clothes and a charming, almost flirtatious manner, he has played his part bril-

liantly. On television, he radiates above-the-frayness, speaking with the wry, jaded authority that men in power admire, especially in men who have risen from humble roots. Unlike the other Arabs, he appears to have no ax to grind. He is one of us; he is the good Arab.

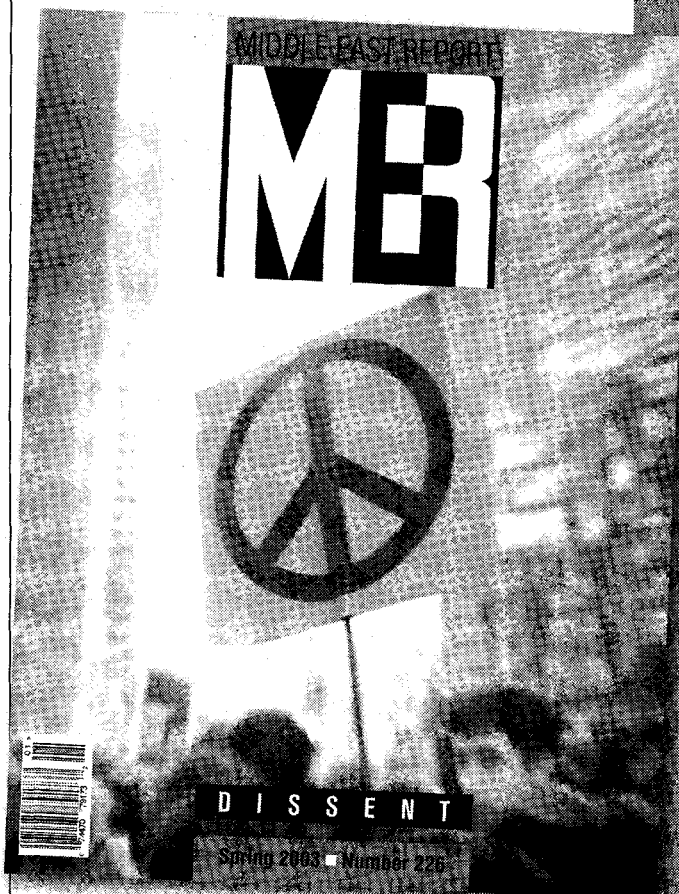
Ajami's admirers paint him as a courageous gadfly who has risen above the tribal hatreds of the Arabs, a Middle Eastern Spinoza whose honesty has earned him the scorn of his brethren. *Commentary* editor-at-large Norman Podhoretz, one of his many right-wing American Jewish fans, writes that Ajami "has been virtually alone in telling the truth about the attitude toward Israel of the people from whom he stems." The people from whom Ajami "stems" are, of course, the Arabs, and Ajami's ethnicity is not incidental to his celebrity. It lends him an air of authority not enjoyed by non-Arab polemicists like Martin Kramer and Daniel Pipes.

But Ajami is no gadfly. He is, in fact, entirely a creature of the American establishment. His once-luminous writing, increasingly a blend of Naipaulian clichés about Muslim pathologies and Churchillian rhetoric about the burdens of empire, is saturated with hostility toward Sunni Arabs in general (save for pro-Western Gulf Arabs, toward whom he is notably indulgent), and to Palestinians in particular. He invites comparison with Henry Kissinger, another émigré intellectual to achieve extraordinary prominence as a champion of American empire. Like Kissinger, Ajami has a suave television demeanor, a gravitas-lending accent, an instinctive solicitude for the imperatives of power and a cool disdain for the weak. And just as Kissinger cozied up to Nelson Rockefeller and Nixon, so has Ajami attached himself to such powerful patrons as Laurence Tisch, former chairman of CBS; Mort Zuckerman, the owner of *US News & World Report*; Martin Peretz, a co-owner of *The New Republic*; and Leslie Gelb, head of the Council on Foreign Relations.

Despite his training in political science, Ajami often sounds like a pop psychologist in his writing about the Arab world or, as he variously calls it, "the world of Araby," "that Arab world" and "those Arab lands." According to Ajami, that world is "gripped in a poisonous rage" and "wedded to a worldview of victimol-

Adam Shatz is a writer in New York. Research support was provided by the Investigative Fund of the Nation Institute.

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ogy," bad habits reinforced by its leaders, "megalomaniacs who never tell their people what can and cannot be had in the world of nations." There is, to be sure, a grain of truth in Ajami's grim assessment. Progressive Arab thinkers from Sadeq al-Azm to Adonis have issued equally bleak indictments of Arab political culture, lambasting the dearth of self-criticism and the constant search for external scapegoats. Unlike these writers, however, Ajami has little sympathy for the people of the region, unless they happen to live within the borders of "rogue states" like Iraq, in which case they must be "liberated" by American force. The corrupt regimes that rule the Arab world, he has suggested, are more or less faithful reflections of the "Arab psyche": "Despots always work with a culture's yearnings.... After all, a *hadith*, a saying attributed to the Prophet Muhammad, maintains 'You will get the rulers you deserve.'" His own taste in regimes runs to monarchies like Kuwait. The Jews of Israel, it seems, are not just the only people in the region who enjoy the fruits of democracy; they are the only ones who deserve them.

Once upon a time, Ajami was an articulate and judicious critic both of Arab society and of the West, a defender of Palestinian rights and an advocate of decent government in the Arab world. Though he remains a shrewd guide to the hypocrisies of Arab leaders, his views on foreign policy now scarcely diverge from those of pro-Israel hawks in the Bush Administration. "Since the Gulf War, Fouad has taken leave of his analytic perspective to play to his elite constituency," said Augustus Richard Norton, a Middle East scholar at Boston University. "It's very unfortunate because he could have made an astonishingly important contribution."

Seeking to understand the causes of Ajami's transformation, I spoke to more than two dozen of his friends and acquaintances over the past several months. (Ajami did not return my phone calls or e-mails.) These men and women depicted a man at once ambitious and insecure, torn between his irascible intellectual independence and his even stronger desire to belong to something larger than himself. On the one hand, he is an intellectual dandy who, as Sayres Rudy, a former student, puts it, "doesn't like groups and thinks people who join them are mediocre." On the other, as a Shiite among Sunnis, and as an émigré in America, he has always felt the outsider's anxiety to please, and has adjusted his convictions to fit his surroundings. As a young man eager to assimilate into the urbane Sunni world of Muslim Beirut, he embraced pan-Arabism. Received with open arms by the American Jewish establishment in New York and Washington, he became an ardent Zionist. An informal adviser to both Bush administrations, he is now a cheerleader for the American empire.

The man from Arnoun appears to be living the American dream. He has a prestigious job and the ear of the President. Yet the price of power has been higher in his case than in Kissinger's. Kissinger, after all, is a figure of renown among the self-appointed leaders of "the people from whom he stems" and a frequent speaker at Jewish charity galas, whereas Ajami is a man almost entirely deserted by his people, a pariah at what should be his hour of triumph. In Arnoun, a family friend told me, "Fouad is a black sheep because of his staunch support for the Israelis." Although he frequently travels to Tel Aviv and the Persian Gulf, he almost never goes to Lebanon. In becoming an American, he has become, as he himself has confessed, "a stranger in the Arab world."

Up From Lebanon

This is an immigrant's tale.

It begins in Arnoun, a rocky hamlet in the south of Lebanon where Fouad al-Ajami was born on September 19, 1945. A prosperous tobacco-growing Shiite family, the Ajamis had come to Arnoun from Iran in the 1850s. (Their name, Arabic for "Persian," gave away their origins.)

When Ajami was 4, he moved with his family to Beirut, settling in the largely Armenian northeastern quarter, a neighborhood thick with orange orchards, pine trees and strawberry fields. As members of the rural Shiite minority, the country's "hewers of wood and drawers of water," the Ajamis stood apart from the city's dominant groups, the Sunni Muslims and the Maronite Christians. "We were strangers to Beirut," he has written. "We wanted to pass undetected in the modern world of Beirut, to partake of its ways." For the young "Shia *assimilé*," as he has described himself, "anything Persian, anything Shia, was anathema.... speaking Persianized Arabic was a threat to something unresolved in my identity." He tried desperately, but with little success, to pass among his Sunni peers. In the predominantly Sunni schools he attended, "Fouad was taunted for being a Shiite, and for being short," one friend told me. "That left him with a lasting sense of bitterness toward the Sunnis."

In the 1950s, Arab nationalism appeared to hold out the promise of transcending the schisms between Sunnis and Shiites, and the confessional divisions separating Muslims and Christians. Like his classmates, Ajami fell under the spell of Arab nationalism's charismatic spokesman, the Egyptian leader Gamal Abdel Nasser. At the same time, he was falling under the spell of American culture, which offered relief from the "ancestral prohibitions and phobias" of his "cramped land." Watching John Wayne films, he "picked up American slang and a romance for the distant power casting its shadow across us." On July 15, 1958, the day after the bloody overthrow of the Iraqi monarchy by nationalist army officers, Ajami's two loves had their first of many clashes, when President Eisenhower sent the US Marines to Beirut to contain the spread of radical Arab nationalism. In their initial confrontation, Ajami chose Egypt's leader, defying his parents and hopping on a Damascus-bound bus for one of Nasser's mass rallies.

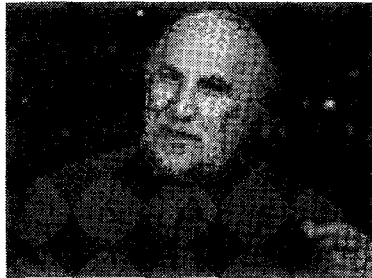
Ajami arrived in the United States in the fall of 1963, just before he turned 18. He did his graduate work at the University of Washington, where he wrote his dissertation on international relations and world government. At the University of Washington, Ajami gravitated toward progressive Arab circles. Like his Arab peers, he was shaken by the humiliating defeat of the Arab countries in the 1967 war with Israel, and he was heartened by the emergence of the PLO. While steering clear of radicalism, he often expressed horror at Israel's brutal reprisal attacks against southern Lebanese villages in response to PLO raids.

In 1973 Ajami joined Princeton's political science department, commuting to work from his apartment in New York. He made a name for himself there as a vocal supporter of Palestinian self-determination. One friend remembers him as "a fairly

typical advocate of Third World positions." Yet he was also acutely aware of the failings of Third World states, which he unsparingly diagnosed in "The Fate of Nonalignment," a brilliant 1980/81 essay in *Foreign Affairs*. In 1980, when Johns Hopkins offered him a position as director of Middle East Studies at SAIS, a Washington-based graduate program, he took it.

Ajami's Predicament

A year after arriving at SAIS, Ajami published his first and still best book, *The Arab Predicament*. An anatomy of the intellectual and political crisis that swept the Arab world following its defeat by Israel in the 1967 war, it is one of the most probing and subtle books ever written in English on the region. Ranging gracefully across political theory, literature and poetry, Ajami draws an elegant, often moving portrait of Arab intellectuals in their anguished efforts to put together a world that had come apart at the seams. The book did not offer a bold or original argument; like Isaiah Berlin's *Russian Thinkers*, it provided an interpretive survey—respectful even when critical—of other people's ideas. It was the book of a man who had grown disillusioned with Nasser, whose millenarian dream of restoring the "Arab nation" had run up against the hard fact that the "divisions of the Arab world were real, not contrived points on a map or a colonial trick." But pan-Arabism was not the only temptation to which the intellectuals had succumbed. There was radical socialism, and the Guevarist fantasies of



the Palestinian revolution. There was Islamic fundamentalism, with its romance of authenticity and its embittered rejection of the West. And then there was the search for Western patronage, the way of Nasser's successor, Anwar Sadat, who forgot his own world and ended up being devoured by it.

Ajami's ambivalent chapter on Sadat makes for especially fascinating reading today. He praised Sadat for breaking with Nasserism and making peace with Israel, and perhaps saw something of himself in the "self-defined peasant from the dusty small village" who had "traveled far beyond the bounds of his world." But he also saw in Sadat's story the tragic parable of a man who had become more comfortable with Western admirers than with his own people. When Sadat spoke nostalgically of his village—as Ajami now speaks of Arnoun—he was pandering to the West. Arabs, a people of the cities, would not be "taken in by the myth of the village." Sadat's "American connection," Ajami suggested, gave him "a sense of psychological mobility," lifting some of the burdens imposed by his cramped world. And as his dependence on his American patrons deepened, "he became indifferent to the sensibilities of his own world."

Sadat was one example of the trap of seeking the West's approval, and losing touch with one's roots; V.S. Naipaul was another. Naipaul, Ajami suggested in an incisive 1981 *New York Times* review of *Among the Believers*, exemplified the "dilemma of a gifted author led by his obsessive feelings regarding the people he is writing about to a difficult intellectual and moral bind." Third World exiles like Naipaul, Ajami wrote, "have a tendency to...look at their own countries and similar ones with a critical

eye," yet "these same men usually approach the civilization of the West with awe and leave it unexamined." Ajami preferred the humane, nonjudgmental work of Polish travel writer Ryszard Kapucinski: "His eye for human folly is as sharp as V.S. Naipaul. His sympathy and sorrow, however, are far deeper."

The Arab Predicament was infused with sympathy and sorrow, but these qualities were ignored by the book's Arab critics in the West, who—displaying the ideological rigidity that is an unfortunate hallmark of exile politics—accused him of papering over the injustices of imperialism and "blaming the victim." To an extent, this was a fair criticism. Ajami paid little attention to imperialism, and even less to Israel's provocative role in the region. What is more, his argument that "the wounds that mattered were self-inflicted" endeared him to those who wanted to distract attention from Palestine. Doors flew open. On the recommendation of Bernard Lewis, the distinguished British Orientalist at Princeton and a strong supporter of Israel, Ajami became the first Arab to win the MacArthur "genius" prize in 1982, and in 1983 he became a member of the Council on Foreign Relations. *The New Republic* began to publish lengthy essays by Ajami, models of the form that offer a tantalizing glimpse of the career he might have had in a less polarized intellectual climate. Pro-Israel intellectual circles groomed him as a rival to Edward Said, holding up his book as a corrective to *Orientalism*, Said's classic study of how the West imagined the East in the age of empire.

In fact, Ajami shared some of Said's anger about the Middle East. The Israelis, he wrote in an eloquent *New York Times* op-ed after the 1982 invasion of Lebanon, "came with a great delusion: that if you could pound men and women hard enough, if you could bring them to their knees, you could make peace with them." He urged the United States to withdraw from Lebanon in 1984, and he advised it to open talks with the Iranian government. Throughout the 1980s, Ajami maintained a critical attitude toward America's interventions in the Middle East, stressing the limits of America's ability to influence or shape a "tormented world" it scarcely understood. "Our arguments dovetailed," says Said. "There was an unspoken assumption that we shared the same kind of politics."

But just below the surface there were profound differences of opinion. Hisham Milhem, a Lebanese journalist who knows both men well, explained their differences to me by contrasting their views on Joseph Conrad. "Edward and Fouad are both crazy about Conrad, but they see in him very different things. Edward sees the critic of empire, especially in *Heart of Darkness*. Fouad, on the other hand, admires the Polish exile in Western Europe who made a conscious break with the old country."

Yet the old world had as much of a grip on Ajami as it did on Said. In southern Lebanon, Palestinian guerrillas had set up a state within a state. They often behaved thuggishly toward the Shiites, alienating their natural allies and recklessly exposing them to Israel's merciless reprisals. By the time Israeli tanks rolled into Lebanon in 1982, relations between the two communities had so deteriorated that some Shiites greeted the invaders with rice and flowers. Like many Shiites, Ajami was fed up with

the Palestinians, whose revolution had brought ruin to Lebanon. Arnoun itself had not been unscathed: A nearby Crusader castle, the majestic Beaufort, was now the scene of intense fighting.

In late May 1985, Ajami—now identifying himself as a Shiite from southern Lebanon—sparked with Said on the *MacNeil Lehrer Report* over the war between the PLO and Shiite Amal militia, then raging in Beirut's refugee camps. A few months later, they came to verbal blows again, when Ajami was invited to speak at a Harvard conference on Islam and Muslim politics organized by Israeli-American academic Nadav Safran. After the Harvard *Crimson* revealed that the conference had been partly funded by the CIA, Ajami, at the urging of Said and the late Pakistani writer Iqbal Ahmad, joined a wave of speakers who were

withdrawing from the conference. But Ajami, who was a protégé and friend of Safran, immediately regretted his decision. He wrote a blistering letter to Said and Ahmad a

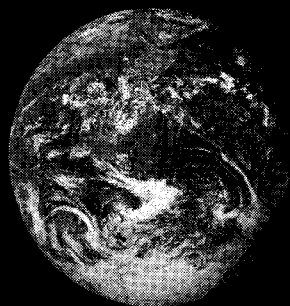
few weeks later, accusing them of "bringing the conflicts of the Middle East to this country" while "I have tried to go beyond them.... Therefore, my friends, this is the parting of ways. I hope never to encounter you again, and we must cease communication. Yours sincerely, Fouad Ajami."

The Tribal Turn

By now, the "Shia *assimilé*" had fervently embraced his Shiite identity. Like Sadat, he began to rhapsodize about his "dusty village" in wistful tones. *The Vanished Imam*, his 1986 encomium to Musa al-Sadr, the Iranian cleric who led the Amal militia before mysteriously disappearing on a 1978 visit to Libya, offers important clues into Ajami's thinking of the time. A work of lyrical nationalist mythology, *The Vanished Imam* also provides a thinly veiled political memoir, recounting Ajami's disillusionment with Palestinians, Arabs and the left, and his conversion to old-fashioned tribal politics.

The marginalized Shiites had found a home in Amal, and a spiritual leader in Sadr, a "big man" who is explicitly compared to Joseph Conrad's Lord Jim and credited with a far larger role than he actually played in Shiite politics. Writing of Sadr, Ajami might have been describing himself. Sadr is an *Ajam*—a Persian—with "an outsider's eagerness to please." He is "suspicious of grand schemes," blessed with "a strong sense of pragmatism, of things that can and cannot be," thanks to which virtue he "came to be seen as an enemy of everything 'progressive.'" "Tired of the polemics," he alone is courageous enough to stand up to the Palestinians, warning them not to "seek a 'substitute homeland,' *watan badil*, in Lebanon." Unlike the Palestinians, Ajami tells us repeatedly, the Shiites are realists, not dreamers; reformers, not revolutionaries. Throughout the book, a stark dichotomy is also drawn between Shiite and Arab nationalism, although, as one of his Shiite critics pointed out in a caustic review in the *International Journal of Middle Eastern Studies*, "allegiance to Arab nationalist ideals... was paramount" in Sadr's circles. The Shiites of Ajami's imagination seem fundamentally different from other Arabs: a community that shares America's aversion to the Palestinians, a "model minority" worthy of the West's sympathy.

The Vanished Imam provides a thinly veiled political memoir, recounting Ajami's disillusionment with Palestinians, Arabs and the left.



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The Shiite critic of the Palestinians cut an especially attractive profile in the eyes of the American media. Most American viewers of CBS News, which made him a high-paid consultant in 1985, had no idea that he was almost completely out of step with the community for which he claimed to speak. By the time *The Vanished Imam* appeared, the Shiites, under the leadership of a new group, Hezbollah, had launched a battle to liberate Lebanon from Israeli control. Israeli soldiers were now greeted with grenades and explosives, rather than rice and flowers, and Arnoun became a hotbed of Hezbollah support. Yet Ajami displayed little enthusiasm for *this* Shiite struggle. He was also oddly silent about the behavior of the Israelis, who, from the 1982 invasion onward, had killed far more Shiites than either Arafat ("the Flying Dutchman of the Palestinian movement") or Hafez al-Assad (Syria's "cruel enforcer"). The Shiites, he suggested, were "beneficiaries of Israel's Lebanon war."

In the Promised Land

By the mid-1980s, the Middle Eastern country closest to Ajami's heart was not Lebanon but Israel. He returned from his trips to the Jewish state boasting of traveling to the occupied territories under the guard of the Israel Defense Forces and of being received at the home of Teddy Kollek, then Jerusalem's mayor. The Israelis earned his admiration because they had something the Palestinians notably lacked: power. They were also tough-minded realists, who understood "what can and cannot be had in the world of nations." The Palestinians, by contrast, were romantics who imagined themselves to be "exempt from the historical laws of gravity."

In 1986, Ajami had praised Musa al-Sadr as a realist for telling the Palestinians to fight Israel in the occupied territories, rather than in Lebanon. But when the Palestinians did exactly that, in the first intifada of 1987-93, it no longer seemed realistic to Ajami, who then advised them to swallow the bitter pill of defeat and pay for their bad choices. While Israeli troops shot down children armed only with stones, Ajami told the Palestinians they should give up on the idea of a sovereign state ("a phantom"), even in the West Bank and Gaza. When the PLO announced its support for a two-state solution at a 1988 conference in Algiers, Ajami called the declaration "hollow," its concessions to Israel inadequate. On the eve of the Madrid talks in the fall of 1991 he wrote, "It is far too late to introduce a new nation between Israel and Jordan." Nor should the American government embark on the "fool's errand" of pressuring Israel to make peace. Under Ajami's direction, the Middle East program of SAIS became a bastion of pro-Israel opinion. An increasing number of Israeli and pro-Israel academics, many of them *New Republic* contributors, were invited as guest lecturers. "Rabbi Ajami," as many people around SAIS referred to him, was also receiving significant support from a Jewish family foundation in Baltimore, which picked up the tab for the trips his students took to the Middle East every summer. Back in Lebanon, Ajami's growing reputation as an apologist for Israel reportedly placed considerable strains on family members in Arnoun.

'The Saudi Way'

Ajami also developed close ties during the 1980s to Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, which made him—as he often and proudly pointed out—the only Arab who traveled both to the Persian Gulf countries and to Israel. In 1985 he became an external examiner in the political science department at Kuwait University; he said "the place seemed vibrant and open to me." His major patrons, however, were Saudi. He has traveled to Riyadh many times to raise money for his program, sometimes taking along friends like Martin Peretz; he has also vacationed in Prince Bandar's home in Aspen. Saudi hospitality—and Saudi Arabia's lavish support for SAIS—bred gratitude. At one meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations, Ajami told a group that, as one participant recalls, "the Saudi system was a lot stronger than we thought, that it was a system worth defending, and that it had nothing to apologize for." Throughout the 1980s and '90s, he faithfully echoed the Saudi line. "Rage against the West does not come naturally to the Gulf Arabs," he wrote in 1990. "No great tales of betrayal are told by the Arabs of the desert. These are Palestinian, Lebanese and North African tales."

This may explain why Iraq's invasion of Kuwait in 1990 aroused greater outrage in Ajami than any act of aggression in the recent history of the Middle East. Neither Israel's invasion of

Lebanon nor the 1982 Sabra and Shatila massacre had caused him comparable consternation. Nor, for that matter, had Saddam's slaughter of the Kurds in Halabja in

*The Israelis earned Ajami's admiration
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1988. This is understandable, of course; we all react more emotionally when the victims are friends. But we don't all become publicists for war, as Ajami did that fateful summer, consummating his conversion to Pax Americana. What was remarkable was not only his fervent advocacy; it was his cavalier disregard for truth, his lurid rhetoric and his religious embrace of American power. In *Foreign Affairs*, Ajami, who knew better, described Iraq, the cradle of Mesopotamian civilization, a major publisher of Arabic literature and a center of the plastic arts, as "a brittle land...with little claim to culture and books and grand ideas." It was, in other words, a wasteland, led by a man who "conjures up Adolf Hitler."

Months before the war began, the Shiite from Arnoun, now writing as an American, in the royal "we," declared that US troops "will have to stay in the Gulf and on a much larger scale," since "we have tangible interests in that land. We stand sentry there in blazing clear daylight." After the Gulf War, Ajami's cachet soared. In the early 1990s Harvard offered him a chair ("he turned it down because we expected him to be around and to work very hard," a professor told me), and the Council on Foreign Relations added him to its prestigious board of advisers last year. "The Gulf War was the crucible of change," says Augustus Richard Norton. "This immigrant from Arnoun, this man nobody had heard of from a place no one had heard of, had reached the peak of power. This was a true immigrant success story, one of those moments that make an immigrant grateful for America. And I think it implanted a deep sense of patriotism that wasn't present before."

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And, as Ajami once wrote of Sadat, "outside approval gave him the courage to defy" the Arabs, especially when it came to Israel. On June 3, 1992, hardly a year after Gulf War I, Ajami spoke at a pro-Israel fundraiser. Kissinger, the keynote speaker, described Arabs as congenital liars. Ajami chimed in, expressing his doubts that democracy would ever work in the Arab world, and recounting a visit to a Bedouin village where he "insisted on only one thing: that I be spared the ceremony of eating with a Bedouin."

Since the signing of the Oslo Accords in 1993, Ajami has been a consistent critic of the peace process—from the right. He sang the praises of each of Israel's leaders, from the Likud's Benjamin Netanyahu, with his "filial devotion [to] the land he had agreed to relinquish," to Labor leader Ehud Barak, "an exemplary soldier." The Palestinians, he wrote, should be grateful to such men for "rescuing" them from defeat, and to Zionism for generously offering them "the possibility of their own national political revival." (True to form, the Palestinians showed "no gratitude.") A year before the destruction of Jenin, he proclaimed that "Israel is existentially through with the siege that had defined its history." Ajami's Likudnik conversion was sealed by telling revisions of arguments he had made earlier in his career. Where he had once argued that the 1982 invasion of Lebanon aimed to "undermine those in the Arab world who want some form of compromise," he now called it a response to "the challenge of Palestinian terror."

Did Ajami really believe all this? In a stray but revealing comment on Sadat in *The New Republic*, he left room for doubt. Sadat, he said, was "a son of the soil, who had the fellah's ability to look into the soul of powerful outsiders, to divine how he could get around them even as he gave them what they desired." Writing on politics, the man from Arnoun gave them what they desired. Writing on literature and poetry, he gave expression to the aesthete, the soulful elegist, even, at times, to the Arab. In his 1998 book, *The Dream Palace of the Arabs*, one senses, for the first time in years, Ajami's sympathy for the world he left behind, although there is something furtive, something ghostly about his affection, as if he were writing about a lover he has taught himself to spurn. On rare occasions, Ajami revealed this side of himself to his students, whisking them into his office. Once the door was firmly shut, he would recite the poetry of Nizar Qabbani and Adonis in Arabic, caressing each and every line. As he read, Sayres Rudy told me, "I could swear his heart was breaking."

Ajami's Solitude

September 11 exposed a major intelligence failure on Ajami's part. With his obsessive focus on the menace of Saddam and the treachery of Arafat, he had missed the big story. Fifteen of the nineteen hijackers hailed from what he had repeatedly called the "benign political order" of Saudi Arabia; the "Saudi way" he had praised had come undone. Yet the few criticisms that Ajami directed at his patrons in the weeks and months after September 11 were curiously muted, particularly in contrast

to the rage of most American commentators. Ajami's venues in the American media, however, were willing to forgive his softness toward the Saudis. America was going to war with Muslims, and a trusted native informant was needed.

Other forces were working in Ajami's favor. For George W. Bush and the hawks in his entourage, Afghanistan was merely a prelude to the war they really wanted to fight—the war against Saddam that Ajami had been spoiling for since the end of Gulf War I. As a publicist for Gulf War II, Ajami has abandoned his longstanding emphasis on the limits of American influence in that "tormented region." The war is being sold as the first step in an American plan to effect democratic regime change across the region, and Ajami has stayed on message. We now find him writing in *Foreign Affairs* that "the driving motivation of a new American endeavor in Iraq and in neighboring Arab lands should be modernizing the Arab world."

The opinion of the Arab street, where Iraq is recruiting thousands of new jihadists, is of no concern to him. "We have to live with this anti-

Americanism," he sighed recently on CBS. "It's the congenital condition of the Arab world, and we have to discount a good deal of it as we press on with the task of liberating the Iraqis."

In fairness, Ajami has not completely discarded his wariness about American intervention. For there remains one country where American pressure will come to naught, and that is Israel, where it would "be hubris" to ask anything more of the Israelis, victims of "Arafat's war." To those who suggest that the Iraq campaign is doomed without an Israeli-Palestinian peace settlement, he says, "We can't hold our war hostage to Arafat's campaign of terror."

Fortunately, George W. Bush understands this. Ajami has commended Bush for staking out the "high moral ground" and for "putting Iran on notice" in his Axis of Evil speech. Above all, the President should not allow himself to be deterred by multilateralists like Secretary of State Colin Powell, "an unhappy, reluctant soldier, at heart a pessimist about American power." Unilateralism, Ajami says, is nothing to be ashamed of. It may make us hated in the "hostile landscape" of the Arab world, but, as he recently explained on the *NewsHour*, "it's the fate of a great power to stand sentry in that kind of a world."

It is no accident that the "sentry's solitude" has become the *idée fixe* of Ajami's writing in recent years. For it is a theme that resonates powerfully in his own life. Like the empire he serves, Ajami is more influential, and more isolated, than he has ever been. In recent years he has felt a need to defend this choice in heroic terms. "All a man can betray is his conscience," he solemnly writes in *The Dream Palace of the Arabs*, citing a passage from Conrad. "The solitude Conrad chose is loathed by politicized men and women."

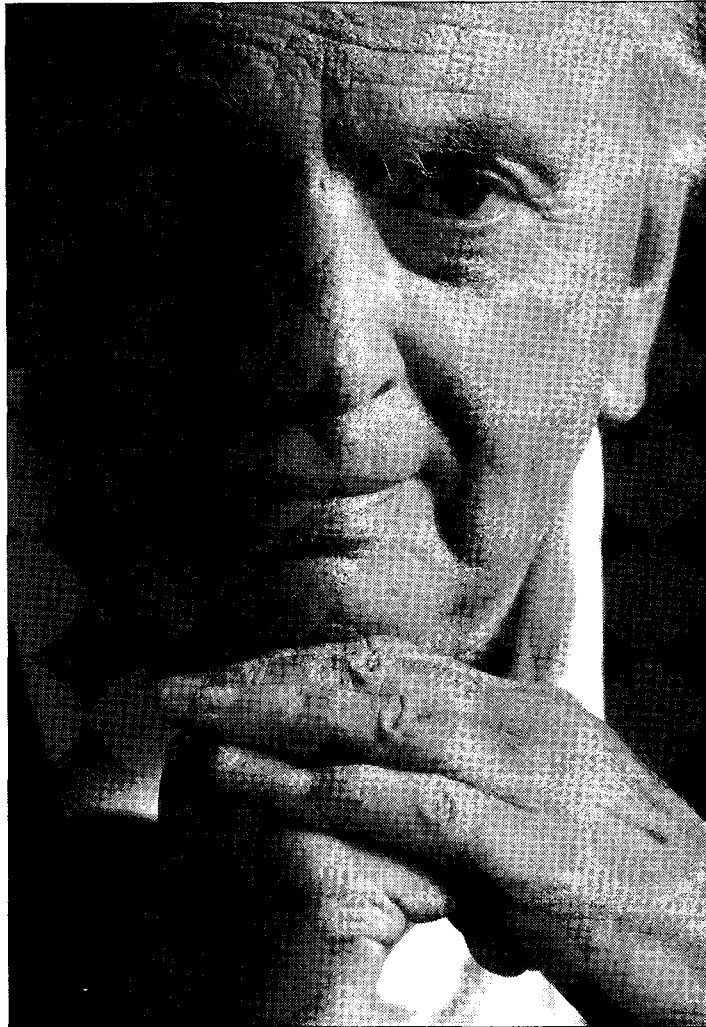
It is a breathtakingly disingenuous remark. Ajami may be "a stranger in the Arab world," but he can hardly claim to be a stranger to its politics. That is why he is quoted, and courted, by Dick Cheney and Paul Wolfowitz. What Ajami abhors in "politicized men and women" is conviction itself. A leftist in the 1970s, a Shiite nationalist in the 1980s, an apologist for the Saudis in the 1990s, a critic-turned-lover of Israel, a skeptic-turned-enthusiast

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of American empire, he has observed no consistent principle in his career other than deference to power. His vaunted intellectual independence is a clever fiction. The only thing that makes him worth reading is his prose style, and even that has suffered of late. As Ajami observed of Naipaul more than twenty years ago,

"he has become more and more predictable, too, with serious cost to his great gift as a writer," blinded by the "assumption that only men who live in remote, dark places are 'denied a clear vision of the world.'" Like Naipaul, Ajami has forgotten that "darkness is not only there but here as well." ■

Letter From Afghanistan

by Scott Baldauf



Kabul

It's almost dusk, and our car is belching steam from the engine. We have stopped at a police station in the southwestern Afghan province of Zabol in a district where foreign aid workers have been held up at gunpoint, their belongings and vehicles stolen. My driver's face is edgy as he pumps water from the police-station well and pours it over the boiling engine of a car he wishes he hadn't bought.

Afghan policemen are circling the car with Kalashnikovs, peering inside at the curious light-skinned bearded man in Afghan clothes—me—clutching a Thuraya satellite phone. I'm engaged in a conversation with my editing desk about a story I filed earlier in the day about a US offensive against Taliban forces in the area around Kandahar, a city we left at dawn. One man, apparently the police chief, walks up to my translator, Ali, and asks, "Who is this man? Is he going to call in an airstrike on us?"

Just as the last light fades over the mountains around this checkpoint, we start the engine and head out on the road, breaking rule No. 1 of travel in Afghanistan: Never travel at night. But our foolishness is based on the second rule of Afghan travel: Never trust an Afghan policeman. "These men are policemen in daylight," says Ali, a razor-sharp medical student, nervously adjusting the white prayer cap on his head. "But at night, they become thieves. They are probably the ones who steal cars from the NGOs." My driver, Malik Jan, a former Islamist guerrilla against the Soviets, adds another layer of gloom. "These men were here before the Taliban. Then they became Taliban. Now they support Karzai. But they will always be thieves."

Despite some positive signs in Afghanistan over the past year—children going to school, homes being rebuilt, wells being dug—there is much about postliberation Afghanistan that hasn't changed during President Hamid Karzai's first months of power. Businessmen complain about harassment by corrupt policemen and thuggish soldiers. All but the bravest women still wear sky-blue burqas, their only protection from the hungry eyes of gunmen. Some villages are so far away from doctors or medical clinics that preventable diseases like polio and measles are making a comeback after being largely wiped out in the early 1970s, during the reign of King Zahir Shah.

In this environment, America has an unusual chance to be the

good guy, to enhance its reputation in an increasingly hostile Muslim world. In Afghan eyes, at least, the Americans started well. American diplomats helped the Afghans select their government in Bonn, Germany, even before the Taliban fell. American generals sent in bombers and troops to help the Northern Alliance and various other warlords drive the Taliban from power. Then American aid agencies led the international charge to bring in some \$1.2 billion in donor aid to get the reconstruction process going after twenty-three years of war. The US government supplied some \$531 million of that aid, most of it in the form of surplus grain.

But the nearly \$800 million spent by international aid agencies and the United Nations in 2002 has brought few tangible results. Major highways like the one from Kabul to Kandahar remain so rutted and potholed that many drivers prefer to take their chances driving among the landmines along the roadside to the certainty of crushing their crankcases on the road itself. Despite international largesse, many Afghans feel the same sinking feeling of abandonment they felt in 1992, when the Soviet-backed Afghan government fell, and nobody came to help them rebuild the country.

"Eight hundred million, and where has the money gone?" asked Mohammad Afsal, a war veteran and landmine amputee, taking part in a streetside protest of war veterans in Kabul last December. "This country is getting worse and worse, not better and better. Where are the jobs? Where are the roads? We have completely lost patience with Karzai. We are just waiting for the next war, the next government."

The slow pace of reconstruction leads many Afghans simply to give up hope and hedge their bets. One senior Afghan official told me privately that he was advising various commanders to hold on to their weapons for the time being. "Be careful," he recalls telling them. "It's not finished yet." For all the appearances of stability, Afghanistan is tottering at the edge of civil war. It needs only a nudge.

Adding just a touch more volatility is the American-led war in Iraq. For several weeks now, pro-Taliban groups have distributed "night letters" in the bazaars of certain border cities, calling on Muslims to unite against American forces in Afghanistan "just like the mujahedeen fought against the Russians." Some Afghans appear to be taking these letters seriously. In Helmand province, four gunmen on motorcycles attacked a group of US troops on patrol, killing one Special Forces soldier and one airman. And in

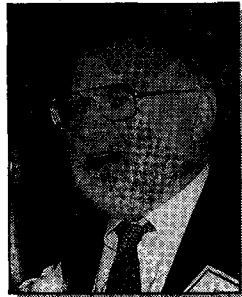
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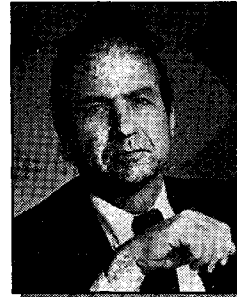
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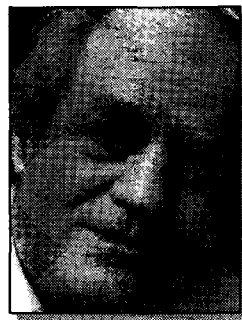
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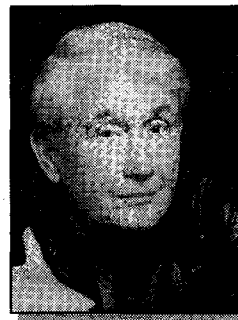
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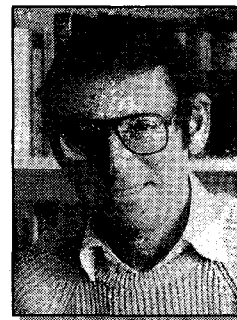
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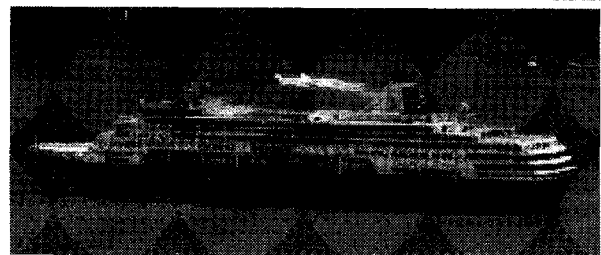
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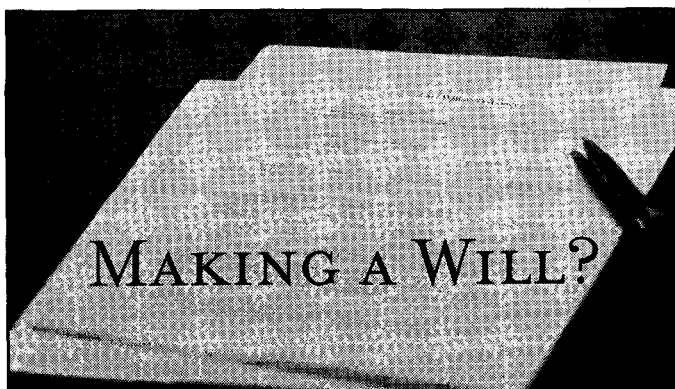
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central Uruzgan province, gunmen killed an aid worker with the International Committee of the Red Cross.

Today, US officials admit they should have stuck around in 1992 to help Afghanistan, but they say they won't abandon the country again. In January, with the war in Iraq brewing, US special envoy to Afghanistan Zalmay Khalilzad came to Kabul to assure Afghan leaders that America would not forget Afghanistan. "We are capable of doing more than one thing at a time," Khalilzad told reporters. Lakhdar Brahimi, the top UN official in Afghanistan, says he takes such promises with a grain of salt. "There are only 24 hours in a day," he told the *New York Times* recently. "If you are forced to spend 20 hours on Iraq, then clearly you are not going to have much time on anything else, however much you would like to." Indeed, it is Khalilzad who is doing more than one thing at a time these days. In December President Bush appointed him special envoy to the Iraqi opposition leaders, the quarrelsome group hoping to replace Saddam Hussein. Khalilzad has not returned to Kabul since his January visit. Brahimi was right to worry: In its initial 2003 budget request, the Bush Administration failed to include any reconstruction aid for Afghanistan. Amid media jeering about broken promises and short memories, Congress added \$300 million.

ut in the provinces, American soldiers provide Afghans with America's most prominent, and often its most dreaded, face. Dressed in sand-colored camouflage, driving in sand-colored Humvees through a sand-colored moonscape devoid of vegetation, these young men and women are the heroes sent to avenge the deaths of 9/11. A few US soldiers make attempts to converse with the local population, buying fruit or carpets from vendors, giving candy bars to children. Americans may also be following the Vietnam generation by dipping into local drugs. One enterprising taxi driver in the edgy eastern city of Asadabad, in Kunar province, told me he regularly sells hashish to US soldiers, who are forbidden to drink alcohol in Afghanistan.

But the vast majority of soldiers remain at perpetual high-alert, watching every Afghan's movements behind mirrored Oakley sunglasses. Outside the wire surrounding their bases, soldiers jokingly trade names for their temporary home: Trashcanistan, Asscrackistan. Most call the Afghan people "hajis," whether the Afghan in question has actually gone on the hajj pilgrimage to Mecca or not. Imagine calling all Jews "rabbi."

For information and intelligence, US commanders continue to rely on the same rogues' gallery of fighters and warlords who helped the US forces move into Afghanistan in November 2001. But for every successful operation against an Al Qaeda cell, there are several other operations that can only be called vendettas. In post-Taliban Afghanistan, the best way to eliminate tribal or personal enemies is to tell US forces that they are Al Qaeda. "It's all tribal now; nobody thinks about the Taliban anymore," says Whitney Azoy, a former US diplomat and anthropologist specializing in Afghan studies. "The US military is being used for these personal vendettas, and they don't have the experience in this region to realize it." (There are also continuing errors, as in the case of an errant US bomb that killed eleven civilians on April 9.)

It is the complexities of Afghan tribal culture that could present the greatest long-term danger to US troops, and to the mis-

sion of stabilizing the country. Consider the case of Abdullah Jan. Last December this Afghan teenager threw a grenade into a US military jeep in Kabul, severely wounding four American soldiers. Relatives of Abdullah Jan say the boy wanted to kill Americans in revenge for the death of his brother, Nasratullah, who was killed when the United States bombed the city of Khost in November 2001. Nasratullah, an Afghan farmer, was praying in the wrong place at the wrong time, alongside forty Arab Al Qaeda fighters who had just fled from Kabul. A 500-pound bomb leveled the mosque, killing everyone inside.

Whatever the truth of such cases—Afghan police say Abdullah Jan was a Pakistani named Amir Jan, trained in an Al Qaeda camp—the fact is that US troops have found themselves in a classic guerrilla war of attrition. Afghans or Taliban or Al Qaeda fighters lie in ambush, take a few shots at a US convoy or outpost, and flee before the planes can arrive.

At the end of the day, the difficulty of America's mission here is tied up with the tragically frail Afghan nation-state. Afghanistan has always had kings and rulers, but its present form was created in the late eighteenth century as a buffer state to keep the growing colonial empires of Russia and Britain apart. It has a dozen ethnic groups, none of which are in the majority. It has a half-dozen languages, at least four major religious sects and a major chain of mountains—the Hindu Kush—splitting the country in two, making it difficult for all these varied groups to meet and create a common identity.

Creating a stable Afghan nation-state may be the key to American success, but it has eluded the best minds for centuries. The British, who played a major role in creating this mess 200 years ago, at least attempted to work within the system as it existed. British colonial officers of the East India Company, like Col. Henry Lawrence and Capt. John Nicholson, avoided the typical mistake of turning locals into Englishmen, and instead went native. They met with local elders, used local methods of justice and limited the number of British military in favor of local militias. For their troubles, the British were occasionally massacred by the thousands, by mad mullahs and kings alike. But the Brits also managed to maintain a dominant presence on the Afghan frontier for nearly 200 years. And it was Afghan tribal warriors who eventually rescued the British empire at Lahore, Delhi and Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

Russia's methods were more straightforward and brutal, and many Afghans say American policy is much closer to the Soviets'. Like the Americans, the Soviet troops of 1979 entered the country to confront and eliminate dangerous Islamists. They spent millions to win the hearts and minds of ordinary Afghans, building roads and bridges, training doctors and teachers, and filling schools with motivated students eager to drag their country out of the twelfth century. But local elders didn't like all these modern ideas—modernity had a way of taking one's mind off God, and so did the miniskirts introduced by the Soviets. So the mullahs started preaching for a jihad to expel the nonbelievers. In the horrific war that followed, Soviet troops dropped toylike landmines designed to attract and maim little children, they bombed villages thought to be feeding and supporting Islamic militants, and they tortured intellectuals and militants whom they captured. Nearly

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1 million Afghans died during the Soviet occupation.

My window into this period is my driver, Malik Jan. During the Soviet occupation, he was a village-level commander for Hizb-e-Islami, a radical Islamist party led by Gulbuddin Hekmatyar. Hekmatyar is America's latest *bête noire*, having recently announced his alliance with the Taliban and Al Qaeda against the "American infidels." But Malik Jan has no interest in war anymore. Instead, he tells war stories, some humorous and boastful, others horrifying. And every time he passes an Ameri-

can convoy of troops, he shakes his head at how easy it would be for an Afghan sharpshooter to pick off the Americans in their open Humvees. "The only thing that keeps this country from going back to the Taliban are those B-52s," said Malik Jan recently. "But if there is war in Iraq, then maybe all those B-52s will go away too." He pulls out a cigarette and lights it with the car's cigarette lighter, about the only part that works reliably. "And then everything America has done here will be *khattam, khallas*, finished." ■

UNION MEMBERS ARE MAKING LINKS BETWEEN CUSTOMERS' CONCERNS AND THEIR OWN.

Telecom Labor Rising

LARRY COHEN AND STEVE EARLY

The tidal wave of red ink flowing from telecom companies worldwide has engulfed workers and consumers no less than managers, investors and Wall Street players. After a frenzied period of deregulation here and privatization abroad—followed by destructive competition, high-cost borrowing and over-building of telecom capacity—scores of firms have collapsed, vaporizing at least \$1 trillion in shareholder value in the United States alone. Some top executives with criminal responsibility for cooking the books—at Adelphia Communications and WorldCom, for example—did well-publicized perp walks. Others, like Salomon Smith Barney (now part of Citigroup) analyst Jack Grubman, who abetted the US telecom boom and bust in underhanded ways, have been forced to pay millions in civil penalties. But many recent highfliers, including Global Crossing chairman Gary Winnick, Qwest founder Philip Anschutz and his CEO, Joe Nacchio, made off with their bundles (\$714 million, \$1.9 billion and \$248 million, respectively) before things went bad. They have yet to be touched by either civil or criminal proceedings.

Meanwhile, telecom labor is left holding the bag—with many nonunion employees losing both their jobs and retirement savings (because the latter consisted mostly of company stock that's now nearly worthless). Millions of consumers are also getting the shaft, as massive downsizing and cost-cutting cause service quality to plummet. Since 2000, more US telecom workers have retired (without being replaced) or been laid off at local and long-distance companies than in the previous half-century. Global job losses exceed 500,000, and even highly profitable companies like Verizon are still slashing their payrolls. Despite an effective union campaign linking staffing cuts to customer complaints about service, the nation's largest local service provider and wireless carrier (now ranked third in the long-distance market as well) handed out 4,000 pink slips just before Christmas.

Larry Cohen is executive vice president of Communications Workers of America (CWA) and UNI Telecom World president. Steve Early works for CWA in New England.



Among those furloughed was technician Mike Martinelli, a third-generation phone worker from Brooklyn, New York, whose family has served Verizon and its predecessors for more than seventy-five years. When he sent CEO Ivan Seidenberg an e-mail protesting the layoffs, Seidenberg responded personally, saying that "it is not realistic in this day and age to expect a lifetime of employment." Newspaper ads run by Verizon last fall echoed this point and criticized Martinelli's union, the Communications Workers of America (CWA), for creating unrealistic rank-and-file expectations about job security. Of course, Seidenberg and other telecom bosses expect guaranteed rewards for themselves. For example, shortly before Martinelli lost his job, another Mike at Verizon—corporate lawyer Michael Masin—stepped down as head of its international and directory operations to join Citigroup. He was paid more than \$39 million from 1997 to 2001, including options and bonuses. During the same period, Seidenberg and two other associates pocketed \$195 million in salary, bonuses and stock options—compensation they claim is only mid-range for US corporations.

Like the thousands of workers who rallied last fall for "Jobs, Not Greed" at Verizon, telecom unionists are beginning to organize, here and abroad, around the issues of corporate accountability and executive pay, public regulation and service quality, and the need for universal service at affordable prices. Union Network International (UNI), a global alliance of 2.5 million telecom union members, is helping to coordinate this campaign. Grassroots activities by UNI affiliates and other unions have ranged from protest strikes, including a big walkout at France Telecom in November, to shareholder initiatives aimed at curbing executive perks and creating new accounting standards. At Verizon's annual meeting this April, stockholders will have the opportunity to limit Seidenberg's pay to fifty times that of an average company employee. Management strongly opposes this resolution but has already agreed to another union-backed proposal, submitted last fall, that would require executive stock-option grants to be treated as an operating expense.

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Telecom unions are emphasizing the connection between customer service and maintenance of a skilled, trained work force. Despite a dazzling array of new products and services, the telecom industry generates near-universal complaints about indecipherable billing (especially for cellular service), installation and repair delays, and lack of access to service reps who can solve customer problems. Even in a unionized customer service center, workers are pressured to sell rather than provide quality service, and nonunion call centers are often high-turnover electronic sweatshops. Where local land-line operations are still regulated—for the most part at the state level in the United States—labor and consumer groups are fighting for tougher service-quality standards. But some companies, like AT&T, are now outsourcing long-distance customer service work to lower-cost contractors with facilities in New Delhi. Through UNI, India's main telecom union has been enlisted as the newest sponsor of a worldwide "Customer Service Solidarity Day," on October 2, which will highlight the need for improved pay, benefits and conditions for call-center workers.

Another cross-border initiative is targeting British-based Vodafone, one of the world's biggest wireless companies has

consistently resisted union recognition and collective bargaining (it is part owner of Verizon Wireless). Organizers in North America, Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium and elsewhere have created a website and e-mail network to share information about Vodafone personnel policies and to coordinate union recruitment efforts.

UNI's action plan for industry reform, titled "Telecoms for the Long Run," addresses the plight of would-be telecom users in less-developed countries. Most of the world's population still lacks phone service in any form, much less high-speed Internet access. Universal, affordable voice and broadband service, for both rural and urban areas, won't come from the same "market forces" that produced the telecom meltdown. The modern, high-speed communications networks needed for balanced economic growth and a narrowing of the digital divide will require public investment and closer regulation of private firms. The spectacular failure of telecom deregulation, privatization and financial speculation opens the door for renewed debate, here and abroad, about the future of this crucial industry. If labor and consumers join together to increase their political clout, telecom policy will no longer be shaped solely by those making a fast buck at our expense. ■

LETTERS

C O N T I N U E D

(Continued From Page 2)

from another that's already there. Many progressives fail to back up their policy beliefs with their votes, endorsements and/or financial support when citizens who espouse such views stand for election, instead doing the frightened-liberal lesser-evil two-step.

RONALD MACKINNON
Green Party of New York State

DEAN ON POT & GUNS

Washington, DC

■ It is disturbing to watch presidential candidate Howard Dean spout doublespeak on medical marijuana. In David Corn's "Meet The Nation" [March 31], Dean says, "I hate the idea of legislators and politicians practicing medicine," adding that he would press the FDA to study marijuana. The eight existing state medical-marijuana laws (like the proposal Dean killed in Vermont last year) simply say that under state law, people with AIDS, cancer or other serious illnesses won't face arrest and jail for using marijuana for medical purposes with their doctor's recommendation. It has been FDA policy since the mid-1980s that Americans have the right to go overseas, purchase drugs not approved for sale here and bring them back for their personal use. Many of these drugs are far more toxic than marijuana, a medicinal herb that has never produced a fatal overdose in 5,000 years of use.

BRUCE MIRKEN

Marijuana Policy Project

Howardsville, Va.

■ Howard Dean foolishly calls for yet another study. Cannabis has been studied for decades,

most recently in 1999, when the Institute of Medicine presented the drug czar with a definitive study he had requested. Every government study commissioned by any country over the past 100-plus years, including this one, has concluded that marijuana should not be prohibited (www.medicalcannabis.com).

AL BYRNE

Patients Out of Time

Scarsdale, NY

■ Implicit in the report on Howard Dean is the belief that a good Democratic candidate ought to push for more gun restrictions. I used to feel the same way, but now I'm conflicted. Most likely we are one major terrorist act away from passage of Patriot Act II, then III, IV, etc. Many of our esteemed Representatives will sell their first-born wrapped in the Bill of Rights for the privilege of standing next to John Ashcroft at the signing. If/when this comes to pass, gun ownership will, sadly, be one of the citizenry's few remaining tools for deterring the Feds from installing absolute tyranny. Therefore I gladly absolve Dean (and others) from position purity on guns.

EMANUEL COOPER

US CITIZEN? TOUGH PATUKAS!

Batavia, NY

■ Apparently, the ugly nightmare is only going to get worse. Time to wake up, America! The intended Domestic Security Enhancement Act (DSEA) goes far beyond even the outrage of the Patriot Act [David Cole, "Patriot Act's Big Brother," March 17]. Stripping Americans, including natural-born, of their citizenship so they can be deported or indefinitely detained is the last straw. Any Congressman who is spine-

less enough to entertain the notion of such intolerable tyranny should surrender his/her own citizenship forthwith. As for me, my citizenship, like my copy of the Constitution and my weapon, will have to be pried from my cold, dead fingers. "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety"—Benjamin Franklin.

WILLIAM P. TROLINGER

DIDN'T TAKE A LEAK

Philadelphia

■ In his review "Guns in the Courtroom" [March 31], Carl Bogus, author of important works on guns, the Second Amendment and product liability, made a "somewhat educated guess" that I was the source of the 1997 leak that revealed Philadelphia Mayor Ed Rendell's plans to bring an innovative city lawsuit against handgun manufacturers. The leak derailed that effort, in which I conceived the case and was counsel for Philadelphia, just days before the suit was to be filed (although more than forty cities and counties and one state took up the idea and later sued). In any event, I was not the source of the leak.

DAVID KAIRYS

CORRECTION

In Eric Alterman's "Stop the Presses" last week, a fact-checking error caused the word "owner" to be removed from a reference to the Jewish "owner-editors" of *U.S. News & World Report* and *The New Republic*. This may have made it appear as if Alterman was addressing the issue of Jewish "editors" in general with regard to media coverage and Israel, rather than merely the two men he cited.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Clash of Visualizations

GEORGE SCIALABBA

TERROR AND LIBERALISM.

By Paul Berman.

Norton. 214 pp. \$21.

Consider this hypothetical situation. Country A has suffered much at the hands of its larger, more powerful neighbor, Country B: an illegal trade embargo, which has gravely harmed the health and welfare of A's population; large-scale poisoning of livestock and other acts of economic sabotage; bombing of industrial and resort facilities, with considerable loss of life; several assassination attempts against the head of state; and sponsorship of an (unsuccessful) invasion. Suddenly and unexpectedly, Country A acquires decisive military superiority and declares its intention to invade and disarm Country B in order to prevent further terrorism. Country B objects, on the grounds that it is, internally, a freer and more open society than Country A. Which is true enough—B is a liberal society, A a dictatorship. Is Country A (Cuba) nevertheless justified in invading Country B (the United States)?

Paul Berman's *Terror and Liberalism* is concerned with what he seems to believe is an entirely different problem: How should liberal societies defend themselves against totalitarian ones? In fact, however, it is the same problem, with the same solution: adherence to prevailing international law and whatever collective security regime exists to enforce it. Such adherence is of course anathema to the present American government and its apologists, whose viewpoint was summed up by spokesmen for the first liberal superpower, Athens, as it prepared to invade a smaller neighbor for reasons of "national security": "The strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must."

For Berman, the international behavior of states corresponds not to their strength but to their internal character. Liberal soci-

eties are sane, tolerant, stable, pluralistic and therefore well behaved. Totalitarian societies are paranoid, intolerant, coerced into artificial unity and therefore aggressive. "At a deep level, totalitarianism and terrorism are one and the same," Berman writes. "If only we could discover the roots of totalitarianism, we would have discovered the roots of terror as well, and vice versa." The first half of *Terror and Liberalism* excavates those roots.

The nature of totalitarianism is patent in the word: It is a claim to total authority, authority in every sphere. This is the opposite of liberalism, which is "the recognition that all of life is not governed by a single, all-knowing and all-powerful authority...the tolerant idea that every sphere of human

Terror and Liberalism aims to reassure us that mistrust of America is not America's fault, that our enemies cannot be conciliated.

activity—science, technology, politics, religion, and private life—should operate independently of the others, without trying to yoke everything together under a single guiding hand."

This attractive and self-confident "relative freedom" does not satisfy everyone. Two persistent strains of nineteenth-century European culture expressed a "violent loathing of progress and liberalism." There was an aesthetic strain: "the old Romantic literary fashion for murder and suicide, the dandy's fondness for the irrational and the irresponsible, the little nihilist groups of left-wing desperadoes with their dreams of poetic death." And there was a philosophical strain: German idealism and anti-rationalism in its extremer versions, anti-Semitism, racial theory. At the end of the nineteenth century these two strains fused to create movements "of a new type," in Lenin's words, devoted (according to Berman) "to a single, all-consuming obsession, which was a hatred of liberal civilization."

Terror and Liberalism lays bare the dynamics of these movements. Though left-

George Scialabba writes about books in *Dissent*, *The American Prospect* and elsewhere.

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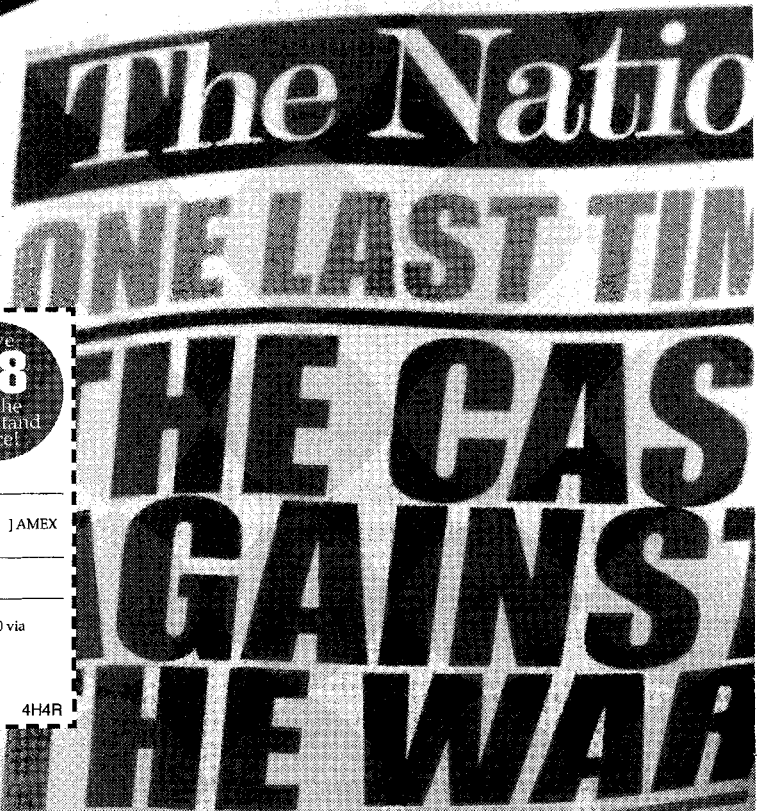
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wing (Bolshevik) and right-wing (fascist), they shared "a single ur-myth," which goes back at least as far as the Book of Revelation (also known as Apocalypse) in the New Testament. In this myth, the people of God, dwelling in peace and simplicity, are attacked from within by the wealthy and corrupt denizens of Babylon, aided by evil foreign allies. In a great battle at Armageddon, the people, under a quasi-divine Leader, destroy the satanic forces and inaugurate a thousand-year reign of purity and virtue.

Every one of the "new movements"—Bolshevism, Nazism, Italian and Spanish Fascism—fits this pattern closely, Berman claims. And so does Muslim totalitarianism, in both its religious (radical Islamist) and secular (Baath socialist) versions. In an extended analysis of *In the Shade of the Qur'an*, the multivolume masterpiece of the most influential modern Islamist, Sayyid Qutb, Berman finds the familiar mythical narrative. Allah's faithful, the people of the first Islamic societies, are corrupted by cosmopolitanism: first in the form of Christian theology, with its admixture of Greek and Roman philosophy, and then in the form of Western liberalism, particularly the doctrine of the separation of church and state. The original simplicity and unity of God's people are destroyed by the enemy within ("false Muslims" and Jews), aided from without by waves of Christian Crusaders, missionaries, imperialists and businessmen. But a vanguard of God's martyrs, resolutely employing murder and suicide, will wage a holy war against this satanic barbarism and restore pristine Islam, this time over the whole world.

Although *Terror and Liberalism* is not a scholarly work and makes no reference to the large academic literature on totalitarianism, Berman's comparative anatomy of totalitarian regimes, schematic but imaginative and set forth in a highly wrought, relentlessly epigrammatic style—which will exasperate some readers (as it did me) and delight others—is an achievement. Still, even a nonhistorian will find a lot to quibble with. Berman works his schema very hard. He has to, if it is to support all the lessons he draws from it in the second half of the book. But I'm not sure it can bear so much weight.

The fit with Bolshevism is far from perfect. For one thing, the proletariat was not exactly the people of God. It never dwelt in peace and simplicity; it was born with the modern world, from the chaos and upheaval

of industrialization. For another thing, Lenin was not exactly the Leader Berman says he was: "a superman," "a god," "a nihilist," "a genius beyond all geniuses...the man on horseback who, in his statements and demeanor, was visibly mad, and who, in his madness, incarnated the deepest of all the anti-liberal impulses, which was the revolt against rationality." Lenin was certainly an arrogant, cold-hearted son of a bitch, and it would have been much better for the world if he had fallen off (or under) that train before it reached the Finland Station. But he was not "mad" or a "nihilist," he did not regard himself as a god, and he was annoyed when other people did (or pretended to). Most important, Bolshevism was not

Unhindered by bad conscience, Berman suggests, the United States can steady faint-hearted Europe and do what needs to be done.

exactly a "pathological mass movement," which, according to Berman, is the fundamental characteristic of all totalitarianisms and precisely what liberal intellectuals consistently fail to understand about them. Bolshevism was pathological all right, but it was not a mass movement. It was an elite, skillfully and ruthlessly controlling demoralized and apathetic masses. It was, as Nicolas Werth wrote in *The Black Book of Communism*, "a state against its people."

Nazism fits Berman's schema better. But even here there are problems. Berman repeatedly castigates the antiwar French Socialists of the late 1930s, exemplars (for him) of all naïve liberal antiwar optimists confronted by an implacable, incomprehensible totalitarian threat. The fuzzy-minded (and perhaps also anti-Semitic) French left stubbornly refused to believe "that millions of upstanding Germans had enlisted in a political movement whose animating principles were paranoid conspiracy theories, blood-curdling hatreds, medieval superstitions, and the lure of murder." Actually, it's not clear they had. They had voted for the Nazi Party, which was not exactly the same thing. A historian calls the NSDAP "a sect of believers and a party of the people." Meaning, evidently, that not all voters were believers. So what did they vote for?

For revenge and for sticking it to the Jews in many cases, though hardly all. What allowed these shameful motives into play and swept away civilized inhibitions against them? A sheerly mysterious upwelling of hatred for liberal values, as Berman insists? Were there no predisposing material influences? There could have been, after all. In 1918–19 the British government extended

its naval blockade for eight months after the German surrender, at a cost of perhaps half a million lives—a vivid and bitterly resented memory fifteen years later. The Versailles settlement was harsh and vindictive. Throughout the 1920s the German economy was weak; the Weimar inflation wiped out the life savings of the middle class (where most of Hitler's support came from). And then the bottom fell out altogether. Between 1929 and 1932 German industrial production dropped by half, stock prices by two-thirds, unemployment tripled and government welfare expenditures increased thirteenfold. It was, in one historian's words, "an unprecedented catastrophe." Another historian reminds us that "the potential

maximum of Nazi [voter] support mark...hover[ed] around the forty percent mark," a figure "it is useful to bear in mind in view of what some authors have said about 'the Germans''

enthusiasm for Hitler." Still another historian quotes a Nazi official to the effect that "the party program weighed less heavily with voters than the feeling that only National Socialism still had the strength to drag the cart out of the mire."

These historical commonplaces ought to have slowed Berman's rhetorical momentum a little. "Despair was their desire," he writes of totalitarians, not any hope of security or relief. But it wasn't the desire of most Nazi voters in 1933. And after that, their desires no longer mattered; Nazi Germany too became "a state against its people." Does this absolve that 40 percent of complicity with barbarism? No, it only suggests, as common sense would also suggest, that something other than, or in addition to, "hatred of liberal civilization" may have weakened their resistance to it.

But the arbitrariness, the unintelligibility, the absolute mysteriousness of totalitarianism are essential to Berman's larger argument. For *Terror and Liberalism* has a practical as well as an analytical purpose: to stiffen America's backbone for the War on Terror. It aims to banish liberal self-doubt, to reassure us that hatred or mistrust of America is not America's fault, that America's and Israel's enemies cannot be understood, cannot be reasoned with, cannot be conciliated. They are prisoners of the same species of "mass pathology," of apocalyptic fantasy, that produced earlier totalitarianisms; and if they are not dealt with more firmly and forcefully than those others were, there will not be peace in our time. To look for grievances, for substantive wrongs, in the background of suicide

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terrorism is a misunderstanding, a mere reflex of naïve rationalism. Instead, "we have to steel ourselves" while "the suicide warriors make their ecstatic march toward death."

"We" means the United States. The Europeans, frightened of their own past, have lost the nerve to defend liberal civilization. Europe has "always needed to be rescued from its own manias" and now ignobly hopes that "by lying low [it] would avoid attacks on itself." They can at least stay out of mischief, Berman advises. Let the French, obsessed by capital punishment, wax eloquent about it. Let the Germans explain to credulous Muslim intellectuals, "overwhelmed by German philosophies from long ago," that Marx, Fichte and Nietzsche have been refuted. Meanwhile the United States, unhindered by shameful memories or a bad conscience, and always ready to offer "a steadying arm" to faint-hearted Europe, will do what needs to be done—beginning with an "anti-fascist war" in Iraq.

How did the United States come by this good conscience? According to Berman, it results from an existential choice we made in our defining national moment, the Civil War. The North might have chosen the path of virtuous isolationism, letting the South secede and becoming an egalitarian social democracy. Instead the North chose, at a great cost in blood and treasure, to repair the Founders' mistake and render "the whole concept [of liberal society] a little sturdier." In so doing, it took on a "universal mission": "the defense of democratic self-rule...for the entire planet."

This is a dubious interpretation of the Civil War, which was fought as much to make the Western territories safe for capitalism as for any "concept of liberal society." If the South had been defeated quickly, the slaves might not have been freed for a very long time. Putting that aside, did the United States really take on the "universal mission" of "defending democratic self-rule" wherever possible? Did it (as Berman recently wrote in a special March 3 issue of the *New Republic*) become "more revolutionary, not less; by offering, in some form or another, liberty and solidarity to the entire world"?

Though this notion virtually defines the conventional wisdom in contemporary American political culture, I find it preposterous. In the nineteenth century, as Henry Cabot Lodge acknowledged, the United States compiled "a record of conquest, colonization, and expansion unequalled by any people." Its record in the twentieth century was no less execrable. The idealistic Woodrow Wilson made war

on both Haiti and the Dominican Republic, killing thousands, in order to block constitutional rule and fortify the position of international investors and domestic elites. In the 1920s and '30s the US military occupied Nicaragua and Honduras for the same purpose. In 1954 the United States organized the ouster of a moderate democratic regime in Guatemala, and in 1965 invaded the Dominican Republic to prevent the return of one, resulting, both times, in horrendous violence and retarded development. In Brazil in 1964, Chile in 1973 and Argentina in 1976 the United States instigated or welcomed the overthrow of democratic governments by murderously repressive (but investor-friendly) military juntas. In the 1980s the United States orchestrated fanatically bloody insurgencies and counterinsurgencies throughout Central America, invariably against movements or governments with more popular support than the US client. And the United States casually disregarded international law in order to invade Panama and Grenada, again with (in the former case) thousands of civilian deaths resulting. I have already alluded to US terrorism against Cuba.

This is a very partial list, restricted to US sins and crimes in the Western Hemisphere. A global reckoning would obviously be much more extensive. Not one of these episodes is mentioned in *Terror and Liberalism*. I cannot imagine why Berman judged all of them irrelevant to the question of whether the United States is truly dedicated to the "universal mission" of "defending democratic self-rule...for the entire planet."

Perhaps because Berman dislikes being reminded forcefully of the enormous factual record that demonstrates the absurdity of this claim, *Terror and Liberalism* includes a lengthy attack on Noam Chomsky. Ten pages of this slender book are devoted to painting Chomsky as a prime specimen of the left-wing "simple-minded rationalist," whose inability to comprehend the "mystery, self-contradiction, murk, or madness" of totalitarian movements leads him to attribute all the evil in the world to the "greed" of "giant corporations and their intellectual and governmental servants."

After the Indochina war, Berman writes, Chomsky had no way to explain the atrocities in Cambodia. He therefore set out, basing himself on his "customary blizzard of... obscure sources" (an ungracious remark, this, coming from the author of so lightly documented and empirically thin a book as *Terror and Liberalism*), to demonstrate that

"in Indochina, despite everything published in the newspapers...that genocide never occurred," or if it did, was all America's fault.

What Chomsky and Edward Herman actually set out to do in *The Political Economy of Human Rights* was to show how differently the crimes of official enemies are treated in mainstream American media and scholarship than are those of official allies or of America itself. Accepting without argument the existence of "substantial and often gruesome atrocities" in postwar Cambodia, Chomsky and Herman reviewed the sources uncritically relied on in the mainstream, showed how inferior they were to sources that told a less convenient story and pointed out that equally credible sources that told of roughly equivalent atrocities within the American sphere of influence (for example, Indonesia's in East Timor) were generally ignored. Not the one-dimensional soundbite Berman alleges. But he is hardly alone in misrepresenting *The Political Economy of Human Rights*. Dealing fairly with the book's argument requires a modicum of discrimination, attention to detail and polemical scruple, courtesies rarely accorded Chomsky by his critics.

After 9/11, Berman continues, Chomsky was similarly doctrinaire and deluded. He found the "entirely predictable" attacks by Al Qaeda "the reply of oppressed people from the Third World to centuries of American depredations." Chomsky, Berman scoffs, "had no basis at all," in his ridiculous bestseller *9/11*, "to attribute these centuries of Third World motivation to bin Laden."

No; but then, he didn't. The "terrorist atrocities," Chomsky noted in *9/11*, were "a gift to the harshest and most repressive elements on all sides." The likely perpetrators were "extreme Islamic fundamentalists," "murderous...religious elements" who "for 20 years have caused great harm to the poor and oppressed people of [the Middle East]"; not surprisingly, since the latter are "not [their] concern." Al Qaeda has "little concern for globalization and cultural hegemony," and bin Laden himself "knows virtually nothing of the world and doesn't care to." There is not a word in *9/11* ascribing Third Worldist political motivations to bin Laden or Al Qaeda. Berman had no basis at all to attribute this absurd misreading of their motives to Chomsky.

In ten pages, Berman manages to make more, and more serious, errors of fact and logic than Chomsky has made in 10,000. An impressive performance.

Berman's scorn extends to the rest of the antiwar left. Those who questioned the Bush Administration's immediate resort to massive force in Afghanistan, for example,

are "useful idiots...explaining why black is white." By this last phrase I suppose he means: explaining why a war that threatened to increase by 50 percent the number of Afghan civilians at risk of starvation, according to UN officials, might not be a just war. In their inability to comprehend the radical Islamist infatuation with murder and suicide, contemporary American leftists remind Berman of those pre-World War II French Socialists, as well as of all those who could not believe in Stalin's crimes.

It is true, of course, that the fellow-traveling left did not acknowledge Soviet crimes soon enough or straightforwardly enough. Others should learn candor from that sorry episode, along with skepticism about revolutionary rhetoric. But the question of whether it was Hitler's and Stalin's crimes that led to their designation as official enemies, or whether American, British and other liberal ruling groups could have coexisted, then as now, quite happily with the perpetrators of crimes of any magnitude as long as the latter posed no threat, by conquest or example, to existing patterns of ownership, investment, trade or resource availability—this question does not arise for Berman. Too simple-minded for him, presumably.

Well, what about the prospect of Islamic totalitarianism? Is Armageddon inevitable? Berman may turn out to be right: It may be that Islamic radicals cannot be understood, reasoned with, conciliated or ignored. If so, then their enemies—including all of us, since they say so—will of course have to fight them. The first battles, in that case, will be for the allegiance of Islamic populations. Unlike Berman, I don't believe it's possible for a billion people, or any sizable fraction thereof, to go mad unless persistently abused or neglected. They may, however, eventually come to feel that only Islamic radicalism still has "the strength to drag the cart out of the mire."

Whether they do conclude this will depend in some measure on American policy, since American power and wealth are more nearly equal than anything else in the world to dragging their cart out of the mire. Until now—as American leftists are willing to say, and Berman apparently is not—American policy has given them no reason to expect any such help. Nor will it, unless American institutions are significantly democratized and reoriented. Though it may only betoken my lack of imagination, this simple-minded rationalism seems to me very much more to the point, now and probably hereafter, than darkly eloquent warnings about "mystery, self-contradiction, murk, or madness."



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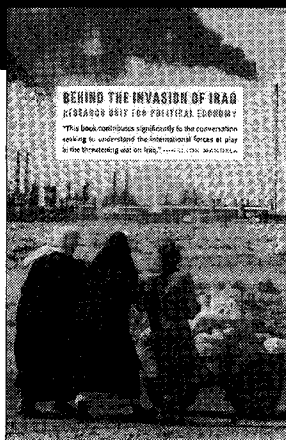
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SUSAN J. DOUGLAS

GLOBAL WOMAN: Nannies, Maids and Sex Workers in the New Economy.

Edited by Barbara Ehrenreich and Arlie Russell Hochschild. Metropolitan. 328 pp. \$26.

Globalization: Use this word in a sentence, especially as the cause of something bad, and you will get knowing nods all around. But then press those same listeners to give you a definition of globalization, and watch the silence set in. Globalization has become one of those catchall words now used with

great profligacy and imprecision to cover all manner of economic, political and cultural changes on the planet. Generally, it is understood to refer especially to the international flows of money and information across borders, the power and reach of multinational corporations that often override the interests of nation-states and the ongoing dominance of the rich North over the poor South. But what, exactly, do these broad concepts translate into on a day-to-day basis?

Barbara Ehrenreich and Arlie Hochschild seek to put a human and, more precisely, female face on the abstractions of globalization in their edited collection of fifteen essays, *Global Woman*. They persuasively argue that in all the generalized and sometimes highfalutin talk about globalization, the central role that women play in the massive migrations that define and sustain the new economy has been ignored. This they seek to redress, but the book takes a particular angle, focusing not on female factory workers or those in the service or tourism industries but rather on those who travel often thousands of miles to work in the "care" business as nannies, domestics or prostitutes. "Women are on the move as never before in history," they write, "assuming the cast-off domestic roles of middle- and high-income women in the First World." Thus the book is really about the "feminization of migration," in which "half of the world's 120 million legal and illegal migrants are now believed to be women." Women have become "crucial economic actors," moving to where the jobs are and sending remittances back to their families, sometimes to husbands who can't find work at home or abroad. Most

of the articles detail the economic inequities and emotional costs of working as a nanny or domestic worker, and two focus on prostitution.

Although it will come as no surprise that these women are overworked, underpaid and often have lives indistinguishable from slavery, the details of their oppression are gripping and infuriating. The essays on sexual slavery in Thailand and migrant domestic workers in the United States are especially moving exposés that deserve a wide audience. But just as distressing are the stories about the choices these women face: Stay in your own country and raise your children in abject destitution, or leave them behind so you can work in a richer country and send monthly remittances that will lift them out of poverty. The mothers we meet in this collection who leave the Dominican Republic, the Philippines or Sri Lanka to work as nannies in the United States, Hong Kong or Greece miss their children desperately, and are participating in a reallocation of emotional resources in which the nanny's "love of a First World child [is] being extracted from her own Third World children." Ehrenreich and Hochschild astutely identify what they call a "care deficit" in wealthier countries, as women who used to stay home and provide the emotional sustenance for a family now go off to work, leaving a nurturing vacuum in the home. The solution? Hire women of color from poorer countries to pick up the emotional slack.

As with most edited collections, *Global Woman* is very uneven, but Kevin Bales's "Because She Looks like a Child" is alone worth the price of admission. Here we meet 15-year-old Siri (not her real name), sold into prostitution by her parents when she was 14, her genitals aching from sexually servicing fifteen men the previous night. Siri is one of approximately 35,000 rural girls in Thailand sold into a sexual slavery from which they cannot escape. But Bales is not simply out

Susan J. Douglas is professor of communication studies at the University of Michigan. Her book *Bringing Up Mommy: The Media and the Rise of the "New Momism,"* written with Meredith Michaels, will be published next year by Crown.

to shock: His piece is a model essay that places this repugnant practice within its historical, cultural and economic setting, so that readers appreciate the full range of forces that produce and legitimize such a situation. Globalization here also exerts powerful pressure: the explosion of the international sex trade (two-thirds of tourists to Thailand in the 1990s were unaccompanied men); the influx of seductive, high-end consumer goods that families can buy in exchange for their daughters; the rapid rise in wages for men in cities that feeds the prostitution industry; the economic undermining of rural economies and cultures.

Likewise, Joy Zarembka's essay on abused migrant domestic workers in the United States gives a detailed account of how visa rules protect European au pairs while virtually insuring the exploitation of domestic workers from developing countries. Diplomats, officials of international agencies like the United Nations or International Monetary Fund, and foreign nationals can import domestic help on A-3, G-5 and B-1 visas. Those who come in on B-1 visas—about 200,000 are issued every year—cannot change employers if the ones who brought them in are abusive. (Those on A-3 and G-5 can change, but making such transfers is extremely difficult.) The State Department does not keep records of B-1 workers. Zarembka introduces us to a woman who worked for a human rights lawyer for the Organization of American States; the lawyer reportedly confiscated her passport, made her work twelve hours a day and had a charming friend who raped her. Another woman reported being repeatedly beaten by her employers until neighbors helped her escape. Women who flee from such situations usually have nowhere to go; they are "out of status" and thus liable to be deported by the immigration authorities. These anecdotes cannot tell us how widespread such abuse is, and as with other essays, readers may want more data and footnotes than the author does or can provide to understand whether a lurid story is indeed evidence of a wider trend. But unlike many of the other pieces, which only enable us to shake our fists at the cosmos, Zarembka, who is the director of the Break the Chain Campaign (formerly the Campaign for Migrant Domestic Workers' Rights), lists a series of concrete solutions, from visa reform to shelters for trafficked women.

Denise Brennan, in her essay on Dominican sex workers in the tourist spot Sosúa, seeks to cast these women not as passive victims but as active agents who willingly become prostitutes in the hope that they will meet a European man who will

marry them and get them out of the country or, at the very least, send them money. Some go to Sosúa just to make money. But her evidence—that very few women actually marry Europeans, that most return to their hometowns just as poor as when they left—contradicts the frame of empowerment and self-determination she seeks to impose on her story.

One of the most moving and intellectually nuanced pieces is Lynn May Rivas's analysis of personal assistants, many of them immigrant women, who tend to the ill or disabled in their homes. Of course there is straining physical work involved, but

Rivas emphasizes the centrality of "invisibility" to such work. Adults who need to be bathed or have diapers changed are often ashamed; they need to see the caregiver as someone removed, a cipher, to manage their humiliation. Personal assistants, in turn, need to repress feelings of disgust or pity, and such minute-by-minute emotional management is also invisible labor. Immigrant women, Rivas argues, are seen as ideal for embodying this invisibility in the home because many are mothers, they are foreign, they are socially invisible, and thus they are easily seen as "other."

Women who travel to become nannies

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and domestic workers, whether they end up in Hong Kong or the United States, often find themselves subjected to demands that make their work week close to 24/7, and that seek to control their every movement, from how they dress to when they are allowed to bathe. Often these women are told they are "one of the family," yet they are treated worse than if they were one of the pets. What several of the essays expose, then, are the consequences of having a paid employee tend to the kind of emotional work we in the United States prefer to think of as untainted by and beyond the realm of commercialized, marketplace values. Employers want nannies to love their kids, and nannies, indeed, do often love them as if they were their own. But the nanny (and her employer too) sits on a fragile fault line between the notion that love is something you cannot and should not buy, and that love is something you have to buy. Some migrant nannies in the United States even hire nannies back home to take care of the kids they had to leave behind. This impossible contradiction—as essayists Susan Cheever and Pierrette Hondagneu-Sotelo point out—can lead to all sorts of boundary problems between employer and nanny, especially as the employer treats the nanny like a hired worker one minute and, well, like a taken-for-granted wife the next.

Who or what can we blame for the subjugation of these Third World women? Sometimes the answer is the global persistence of patriarchy, but hovering over many of these essays is a more troubling caricature: an image of the global bitch, the indulged, First World careerist who willfully or mindlessly gets to the top by grinding her spike heels into the backs of the women of color below her. Indeed, "the lifestyles of the First World," including the indulgence of children, "are made possible by a global transfer of the services associated with a wife's traditional role—child care, homemaking, and sex—from poor countries to rich ones." One would hardly deny that rich women can exploit poor ones just as effectively as rich men can. Nor would one deny that white racial privilege can prompt some women—probably more than white folks would like to think—to treat their domestic workers inhumanely. But there is too much of a generalized tone here, so that working mothers who have relied on nannies or housecleaners to get from one end of the week to another may wonder whether they themselves are the villains. Most of the female employers we meet or hear about here are perfectly awful. Do all working mothers really feel that "the domestic worker is the employer's chattel"? Do mothers

who hire nannies really have no interest in raising their own kids, as some of the essays imply?

While Ehrenreich and Hochschild do, fleetingly, castigate the US government for failing to respond to the revolution in motherhood since the 1970s by, say, funding a decent daycare system, national after-school programs or paid family and medical leave, their snipes at working mothers confuse readers all too aware of the feminist credentials of both women. We know, from their much-praised previous writings, that they know most working mothers have houses that look like a cherry bomb went off in the laundry basket and rush between school plays, the pizza place, a staff meeting and soccer practice in their efforts to succeed at work and still carry the emotional freight for the family. So we are surprised by stereotypical portraits like this:

Affluent careerwomen increasingly earn their status not through leisure...but by apparently 'doing it all'—producing a full-time career, thriving children, a contented spouse, and a well-managed home. In order to preserve this illusion, domestic workers and nannies make the house hotel-room perfect, feed and bathe the children, cook and clean up—and then magically fade from sight.

Hochschild's previous books, in particular, have exposed with passion and precision the gap between this ideal and the reality of most working women's lives. All women who employ nannies are not Cruella De Vil; many are frazzled, guilty and hate being made complicit in a system of racial domination. But sometimes they really do not have a choice. Many of the essays, in fact, ask us to consider whether the built-in power relations of employer and nanny or domestic worker are so inherently corrupt and corrupting that working women should abandon them altogether.

One very powerful lesson from *Global Woman* is the enormous clash over gender roles resulting from the migration of women from developing countries to the First World. Many leave behind highly codified patriarchal cultures only to arrive in countries where women have much more freedom to work outside the home, manage their own money, decide whom they will marry, and to divorce, while still being beholden to patriarchal codes about appearance, behavior and whose job it is to raise the kids. In "Clashing Dreams," Hung Cam Thai analyzes arranged marriages between educated women in Vietnam already deemed unmarriageable spinsters

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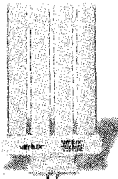
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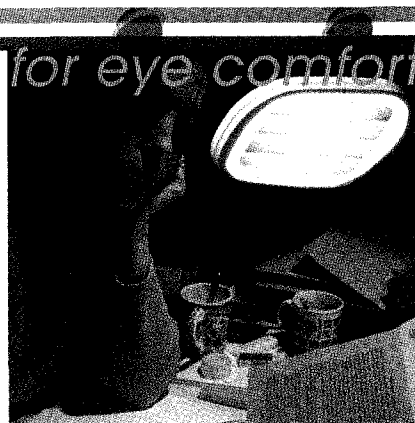
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by their late 20s, and Vietnamese men working abroad in low-wage jobs. These "Viet Kieu" men are unmarriageable in their adoptive countries because of their low salaries, but because they live in the First World, they have status to those back home. The Vietnamese bride hopes for a man whose ideas about gender roles have been influenced by American feminism, while the Viet Kieu groom hopes for a "traditional" woman untouched by ideas of gender equality. Such clashes illustrate the persistence of patriarchal dreams, and many women's insistence—and not just in the First World—that they be punctured.

In the end, *Global Woman* is less about

globalization than it is about migration, but that hardly diminishes its importance. While one would indeed like some of these essays to be more thoroughly researched and contextualized, First World women unaware of the working conditions faced by these migrant workers will find this to be a consciousness-raising book. Women who hire nannies and domestics need to scrutinize the fairness of their terms of employment. But as long as women all over the world have to work, and as long as our government refuses to do anything to help mothers, working or not, citizen or migrant, the structural inequalities exposed by this book will continue. ■

Among the Gilded Paupers

ANDERSON TEPPER

SEARCHING FOR EL DORADO: A Journey Into the South American Rainforest on the Tail of the World's Largest Gold Rush. By Marc Herman. Doubleday. 253 pp. \$25.95.

The quest for El Dorado, the mythic city of gold, is at the heart of the tumultuous history of the Americas. In the decades after Columbus landed on these shores, the Spanish conquest grew only hungrier, more feverish in its search for gold. Hernán Cortés ransacked Aztec temples in Mexico; Francisco Pizarro

plundered the Inca kingdoms in Peru after capturing and murdering the Inca ruler Atahualpa in 1533. Then, the marches of his brother, Gonzalo, and his lieutenant Francisco Orellana across the Andes and into the Amazon jungle—half starved and lost, but still driven by a bloodthirsty greed. Each time, however, the location of the mysterious El Dorado eluded them, taunted them—literally drove them insane.

That's what happened, also, to the most celebrated of the explorers on its trail, Sir Walter Raleigh, who in 1595 charted a course through the labyrinthine delta of the Orinoco River and into the highlands of southern Venezuela. Twenty years later he tried again but, frustrated and forlorn, barely escaped with his life and his wits (only to be beheaded when he returned to London). Clearly, a pattern had developed, and the all-consuming search for El Dorado, if at first quixotic, became a curse. And yet its seductive powers have lasted through the centuries and still exert a magnetic pull on imaginations across the region.

The hidden riches, buried deep in the soil and below the rivers, continue to draw the strike-it-rich dreamers, drifters and gunslinging prospectors—as well as the giant

multinational mining companies. And still they search through the thick interiors of the Amazonian rainforest, along the Orinoco in Venezuela and the Essequibo River in Guyana, along the ancient trails hacked away by the conquistadors. "Five centuries after Columbus, nearly to the year, treasure maps in old history books and geological maps in modern investment newsletters were identical. The people who had searched for El Dorado had been right all along," writes Marc Herman, a freelance journalist who's been bitten by the gold bug himself. "About the time I was sitting down in the library [to research the subject], a billion-dollar gold mine was opening for business on the banks of the Essequibo at a spot in the jungle called Omai. Raleigh's deputy Lawrence Keymis had passed the site in a longboat four hundred years prior, noticed nothing, and continued on his way blithely unaware."

So, does El Dorado exist, deep in the jungle somewhere? And can the search for it sustain yet another book? In the late 1980s and early '90s it certainly seemed so, and Herman was determined to find out on both counts. A footloose University of California, Santa Cruz, grad freezing his way through an upstate winter in the Catskills, the young would-be writer was

Anderson Tepper is on the staff of Vanity Fair.

desperate for a change of scenery. It was 1994, and without much in the way of work to tie him down, he jumped at a good airfare to Caracas, Venezuela, where he figured he could wait out the winter, play a little soccer and kick around on some beaches on the Caribbean coast. But on an eye-opening—and gut-wrenching—bus ride down to the Brazilian border near the end of his trip, he encountered a cagey American prospector and made a further discovery: There was a gold rush on, only starting to heat up. So, his head swimming with new plans, Herman returned home with a mission of his own: to get back down to South America and write about this new stampede in search of El Dorado.

It's an intriguing idea that clearly inspired Herman, who seemed suited for the vagabond journalist life from the get-go. After hunkering down for some initial library research, he was soon ready to fly back down to Caracas and, hammock in hand, hitch his fate to that of the intrepid fortune-seekers beating a trail into the forest. What he discovered then, not surprisingly, was much more tawdry than any gold-tinged legend. In fact, he does find El Dorado: It's a squalid little Guyanese town near the Brazilian border, a far cry from any glittering Oz. "It seemed like a cruel joke," he deadpans. "The city of gold was a tense, dusty frontier town." And later, standing on the great mounds of mud at the Omai mine, he shrugs: "El Dorado, in the end, was real, had been discovered, and was a pile of dirt."

Herman has come to his story late, of course, and he recognizes that. It's also a story that is bigger, perhaps, than he can handle in this small book. El Dorado long inspired writers of the past—how can one resist the grand and tragic dimensions of its tale? Charles Nicholl, the British travel writer and historical sleuth who's written on the cocaine boom of Colombia in the 1980s (*The Fruit Palace* is still the most mind-blowing of adventure tales) and on Rimbaud in Abyssinia, also retraced Raleigh's voyage in his dogged 1995 book, *The Creature in the Map: A Journey to El Dorado*. And, of course, the peripatetic, melancholic V.S. Naipaul laid out the framework with his 1970 masterpiece, *The Loss of El Dorado: A History*. Herman, aware of the mountains of literature, takes a more circumspect approach to the story, sticking close to the trail of the current gold boom he has come to investigate, with only short side trails into the history and politics of the region.

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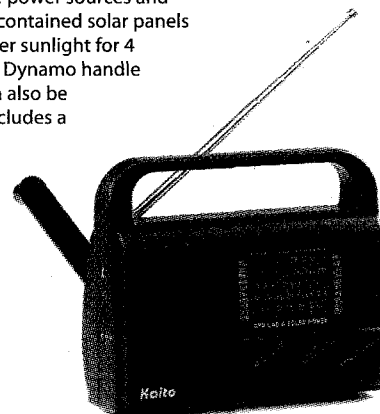
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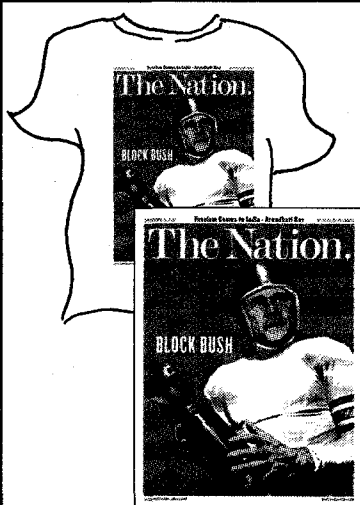
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In Memoriam Julius Jacobson (1922-2003)

The editorial board of *New Politics* mourns the March 8 passing of Julius Jacobson, the magazine's founding and longtime editor. He will be missed by all supporters of the democratic socialist left. A memorial will be held on Sunday, April 27, 12 noon at the Cantor Film Center, 36 East 8th Street, New York City. Memorial donations in Julius Jacobson's name may be sent to *New Politics*, PO Box 98, Brooklyn, NY 11231.

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This focus leaves him, essentially, attempting to make sense of the two competing types of miners—the small-scale individual prospectors and the giant multinational companies. He'll make several more trips over the next couple of years and become something of an expert on the whole methodology of mining—the effects of cyanide and mercury, for example, used in the leaching process of extracting the gold—as well as the arguments for and against the large mining companies' presence (for: they bring jobs, roads, hospitals and at least an acknowledgment of environmental safeguards; against: they siphon out profits, displace peoples, ravage the landscape). Here's where Herman really digs in, so to speak: His grasp of the issues of gold mining, from its process to its stake in national development, is impressive. (Contrary to popular wisdom, it turns out, the mercury used by the small prospectors is far more dangerous to the environment than the big companies' cyanide. A UN environmental conference in Nairobi recently confirmed the global threat of mercury poisoning.) But this is also the book's weakness—it is caught between an adventure tale and a treatise, dry when it should be most compelling, shallow when it should go deepest.

Searching for El Dorado certainly livens up when Herman dispenses with background explanations and closes in on the prospectors themselves (or "pork knockers," as they're called). These are the colorful characters who propel the book, a hodgepodge of rangy and hard-bitten men who rarely leave the pits with more than a fraction of a fortune. The gold, more often than not, ends up around their neck and wrists, not in any bank account. In fact, it's their wretched struggle to wrestle anything of value out of the dirt and mud that prompts Herman's deepest doubts about the whole enterprise. The central question, buzzing around his head like a swarm of flies, is this: How can a country so rich in resources be so damn dirt poor? And why are its people, decked in gold, so damn desperate? "It was a brutal paradox: some of the world's poorest governments were wildly endowed with riches and had become dependent on them," he writes. "If they stopped digging, their people starved; but while they kept digging, they seemed to starve anyway."

That contradiction festers at the heart of Herman's book, and what he ends up with is part travel story, part environmental and political muckracking, part social excavation. But no clear answers. As Herman picks his way through his story of small-time

prospectors, big-time multinationals and local fat-cat bureaucrats and politicians, he finds no easy explanations. "It was a difficult story to tell. The conclusions were often ambiguous. The events were chaotic, and the effects equally a matter of public health, personal security, economics, environmental science and national sovereignty," he explains. Clearly, things get a bit muddy for Herman, too.

Yet a few incidents along the way will drive Herman deeper into his story. In 1995 he is in Georgetown, Guyana, awaiting permission to visit the Omai mine, when he reads in the local newspaper of a waste spill that has turned the Essequibo River red with cyanide (triggering, incidentally, painful flashbacks to the Jonestown mass suicides of 1978). It turns out to be one of the largest environmental disasters ever, but it is hushed up by the mine's PR flacks, both in Guyana and abroad. For Herman, it's an irresistible story, even if it inspires only yawns from his editors in New York. Two years later, in 1997, he finally gains access to Omai (he is by now a bit more accredited as a journalist), and on his way stumbles upon another aspect of the story: the often violent confrontation between local prospectors and the National Guard, who are called in to protect the billion-dollar foreign operation from the scrappy intruders. "No one knew what to do when local miners continued to work on land leased to overseas miners, short of shooting at them," Herman writes. "In El Dorado the lack of answer meant standoffs, beatings, shootings and tear gas. There were constant skirmishes and tensions around the mines." This time, the river runs red with blood, and Herman's story ups its stakes.

Of course, the book has sought the high ground from the beginning: Herman has done his research on the subjects of globalization, international finance and environmental politics; he has interviewed lobbyists and activists from Washington to Berkeley. He includes short, condensed digressions on Guyanese history as well: on its party politics and ethnic divisions after independence, and especially on the legacy of its controversial Marxist president, Cheddi Jagan, who made the deals to bring in the first big mines after his election in 1992. But, again, it is the local characters who cut to the chase. "Guyana, this place is a mess," as one former Guyanese prospector puts it.

From these wizened miners and assorted hustlers, we start to get a different picture of El Dorado—or a different El Dorado, one whose analogues can be found in North



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American cities like Miami and New York, and not just in the Amazon jungle. Among the Guyanese, visas have become a sought-after currency far more valuable than gold. On a long, calamitous truck ride through the forest, Herman listens as his driver, a man named Waseer, rambles on about his dreams of escape. "The closer we got to the gold mine, the more he talked about North America as if it were a larger gold mine just out of reach," Herman writes.

Meanwhile, the deeper into the jungle Herman gets, the more his story takes on momentum and life. Casually called "white boy" or "snow-boy" by the Afro-Guyanese, East Indian and Amerindians he encounters, Herman sweats out nights in old brothel rooms and seedy, dilapidated hotels, where rainwater creeps up around his ankles and mosquitoes hum through the night. He strikes up conversations with miners, loggers, ganja-smoking philosophizers, fruit-sellers and pimps. He moves, anxiously, through bar-rooms, malarial swamp grounds and misbegotten town squares (abandoned, for the most part, except for mangy dogs and

the occasional truckload of army guards). He arrives in frontier shantytowns with a nervous suspicion of all shadows and with no clear map of action. But, most of all, he learns to hang his hammock in the middle of nowhere and succumb to the wild cacophony of a jungle night:

The first evidence of sundown in the forest even before the darkness was a steady increase in noise. During the day the primary sound is a faint crinkling like a constant drizzle. It is not actually rain; it is millions of leaves dropping continuously from the trees, bouncing off each other and settling into the floor. It's lovely. But nocturnal creatures greatly outnumber daytime animals. After nightfall the sound of leaves is subsumed beneath a far louder din of hoots and screams. Within half an hour of sundown the sound grows louder until it is something physical and close, like a passing train. By an hour after sundown everything was awake and shouting at once.

The forest, then, brings out Herman's most rhapsodic prose; the urban sprawl and stench of Georgetown, his most caus-

tic. Here he finds the most glaring disparity between grinding poverty and hopelessness, on the one hand (the open sewers, the squatter towns of orphans, the ever-threatening crime), and the shiny but hollow promise of the gold hanging around everyone's neck. "It was a woeful city," he says of Georgetown. "A city of gilded paupers." Where has all the wealth gone that has left this city, this country, so bereft? As one Guyanese tells Herman, "We got the purest gold. This is a rich, rich country." A moment later, the same man bemoans the foreigners who have taken it all away: "This the slackest country, man. We let anyone in, do whatever you want, no papers."

By 2000, when Herman returns yet again, the foreigners are leaving and the story takes another turn: The gold boom of the '90s has gone bust. The mines are closing; El Dorado has been tapped out, its returns no longer worth its costs—social, economic and environmental (regulations have only gotten stricter since incidents like the Omai spill). Gaping pits remain in the forest where the mines have been abandoned; dusty and remote ghost towns teeter nearby. The world's largest gold rush—Herman's initial story—has ended, but the book has a fuller arc by now. Much has changed since his first trip in 1994. The environmental movement, for one, has gone beyond its early "Save the Rain Forest" rallying cry and been strengthened by the fiercer antiglobalization activism of the new century.

Ultimately, though, there is an element of the anecdotal fleetingness of journalism that limits this book, despite a story line that has deepened beyond its magazinelike beginnings. *Searching for El Dorado* doesn't quite soar into the realm of the literature of Nicholl or Naipaul; it recalls more the bumpy, superficial ride of books like Bruce Chatwin's episodic *In Patagonia* or Patrick Symmes's freewheeling *Chasing Che: A Motorcycle Journey in Search of the Guevara Legend*. Since that bitter Catskills winter in 1994, Herman's writing career has picked up, as he's wandered from the Bay Area to Borneo to Chile, filing dispatches on ecological crises and politics for such publications as *Harper's*, *Mother Jones*, *Spin* and *McSweeney's*. But as Herman himself admits, he has just scratched the surface, writing here about his last few days in Guyana:

I am describing all this in the hope that it is clear that the gold mines and the statistics I have presented were not the country. Those were things that affected

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blades. Gaze into that mirror (above you sea, a sky below) until the morning you fall through: light changes color and direction for your sake. Make your bargains with some witch. There's a conch shell waiting on the sand

to shred your sole and salt its roar into your landlocked ear, a shipwrecked whitecap is calling you home.
I could lose myself in those waters, break like a wave: after three hundred years nowhere

to be found, the knife still dark in my hands, in my feet and my mute tongue. Call me that foam.

Reginald Shepherd

the country. They were the part North Americans could access and had reasons to involve ourselves in and form opinions about; it was the part in which I had involved myself. But I do not think I ever saw the country as it was beyond occasional glimpses, like those brief moments on those two days.

Those occasional glimpses are intriguing in themselves. As for deeper truths, one senses, Herman will have to carry on digging. Like so many before him, he hasn't quite found what he was looking for. ■

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WASHINGTON, DC, NATION DISCUSSION GROUP meets third Saturday of the month at 3-5 PM. We invite new members. For more information call Frances Pasmanick at (202) 363-0278, e-mail fpasmanick@juno.com.

BRADENTON/SARASOTA NATION DISCUSSION GROUP is meeting monthly. Please call (941) 761-4873 for time and place.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OK, NATION DISCUSSION GROUP meets regularly at the Full Circle Book Store, 50 Penn Place, 1900 NW Expressway St. Please call Hal Cousins at (405) 677-3623 or e-mail Bob Nichols, bobnichols@cox.net for further information.

ORGANIZATIONS

INTERESTED IN JOINING THE HOUSTON NATION DISCUSSION group? Contact Charles Mauch at (713) 524-2492 or e-mail chasmauch@aol.com.

MONTPELIER, VT, NATION DISCUSSION GROUP is meeting. For information call (802) 229-9918 or e-mail lnichol@together.net.

SOUTHERN VERMONT NATION DISCUSSION GROUP is forming, centered in Wilmington and the surrounding towns of Marlboro, Halifax, Whitingham, Readsboro, Woodford and West Dover, but all interested persons from the Brattleboro, Greenfield and Bennington areas invited to join. For information please call Bob Silverman, (802) 464-5149.

GIG HARBOR, WA, NATION DISCUSSION GROUP is seeking new members. Call Bill Nerin (253) 851-8888 or e-mail bnerin@juno.com.

SNOHOMISH COUNTY, WA, NATION DISCUSSION GROUP is forming in Marysville. For further information contact Gil Murray at (360) 653-8904 or e-mail murraygil@aol.com.

WHEELING, WV, NATION DISCUSSION GROUP looking for members. This ad is legitimate and not a joke. Contact Dianne Burnham at (304) 232-0590.

STONE MOUNTAIN, GA, NATION DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. For further information please call David C. McHenry at (770) 498-1297 or e-mail dmchenry@attbi.com.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

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POSITIONS AVAILABLE

COMMUNICATIONS COORDINATOR: *The Nation* is seeking a communications coordinator. This assistant position will support the business staff primarily within the syndication, advertising, circulation and fundraising departments. Responsibilities include database maintenance, invoicing, faxing, trafficking, filing, customer service and the coordination of our syndication efforts (processing requests, corresponding with editors, etc.). Applicant should be well-versed in FileMaker Pro and familiar with Excel and Word. Experience with Raiser's Edge a plus. Excellent communications skills and attention to detail required. Ability to handle multiple projects simultaneously. Competitive salary and excellent benefits. Minorities and people of color are strongly encouraged to apply. Send résumé and cover letter to Job Search, *The Nation*, 33 Irving Place, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10003; fax (212) 982-7193.

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PUBLISHERS

NONFICTION MANUSCRIPTS WANTED: Top royalties, major distribution: Brown Walker Press, www.BrownWalker.com.

RADIO

RADIONATION is currently aired on more than 90 public stations in the United States and Canada. For a full listing and other information, write RadioNation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

TRANSLATION SERVICES

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Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

The Nation, Classified Department, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003

PUZZLE NO. 2890

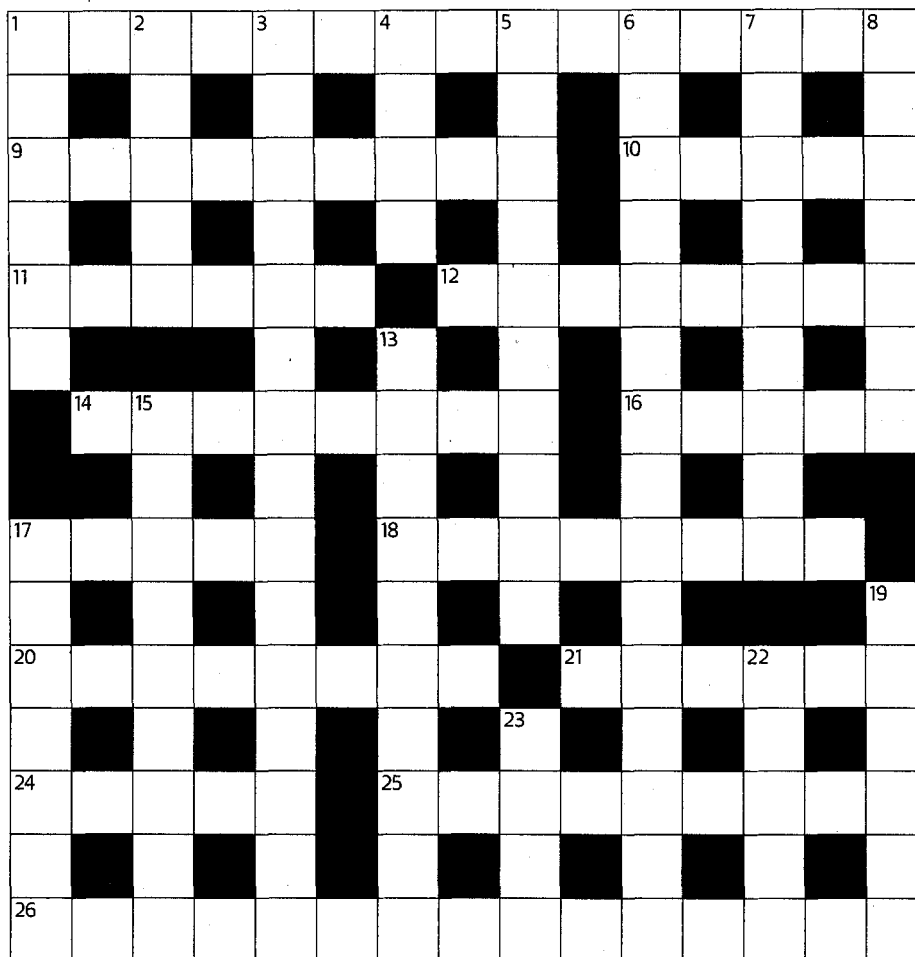
FRANK W. LEWIS

ACROSS

- 1 For openers, they have to know a number of this. (11,4)
- 9 Speech gives one away on these productions. (4,5)
- 10 Elbow that's bare around the start of games. (5)
- 11 The rest? Oh, it's different for the rest! (6)
- 12 Letter writers do this before mailing, which might point something out. (8)
- 14 A couple of sailors, I see (and hear) associated with a certain powder. (8)
- 16 British awards have a point, considering how fat people are! (5)
- 17 Manhattan's awful production is a head start to a "turkey"—like 4 down. (1-4)
- 18 I'm coming back in large boxes to find what the Cockney calls drugstores. (8)
- 20 In a rather tricky manner 150 always take only the last half. (8)
- 21 Little Albert has enough money around to get a horse-drawn vehicle. (6)
- 24 A lot of folks said goodnight to her some time ago. (5)
- 25 Good food should supply it, when you get to run in it the hard way. (9)
- 26 Not caring is awful, as teens these days may say! (5,10)

DOWN

- 1 Plant this candy for taking to something like a small bed on a heavyweight. (6)
- 2 One might find it helpful around the plant, though your chum seems to be upset with the leader inside. (5)
- 3 Reputedly shown by the Oriental, which may be hard to figure out. (15)
- 4 If you say this before "turkey," it may be a dangerous thing to smash. (4)
- 5 Such uncontrolled laughter may leave you with the way the sewer is occupied. (2,8)
- 6 High hopes are never fulfilled by such beverages. (15)
- 7 Even seconds would not qualify as typical of one such, when you hope to get around to that chore! (3,6)
- 8 and 19 Reconstructionists may want to, rather than start anew, coming from those that may be tipping. (4,3,6)
- 13 Not a "going along" attitude when the lorry drops its rear end over a tricky clue involving a couple of points. (10)
- 15 Numbers are positively identified this way, where a US fighter preferred to be. (5,4)
- 17 A short-lived laugh over 100 rulers—only one actually—can give you this cough. (7)
- 19 See 8
- 22 You may have one on your house, but it will be in a broken line—perhaps like E.T. (5)
- 23 It may be a late construction, and others, too. (2,2)



PUZZLED? No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules" send for those of Mr. Lewis to: *Puzzled, The Nation*, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or access our website at www.thenation.com/crossword.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2890

G	U	I	N	E	A	P	I	G	S		S	W	A	P
I	N	L	R		O	T	I	R						
V	I	V	A	L	D	I		E	Q	U	A	L	T	O
E	O	S	C		S	R	L	T						
S	A	K	E		O	K	E	F	E	N	O	K	E	E
O	E	C	L		O	P	I	S						
N	A	S	A	L	L		R	A	I	M	E	N	T	
H		E					K						M	
T	O	P	M	A	S	T		C	H	E	L	S	E	A
H	A	R	R				H	S		A	R			
E	N	D	E	A	V	O	R	E	D		B	L	O	C
S	S	N		U		E	R	T		H				
L	I	O	N	C	U	B		R	O	U	T	I	N	E
I	U	E		L		I	D	E		R				
P	A	T	E		D	E	F	O	I	E	G	R	A	S

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